

Vol. XIII

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1903

No. 29

THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



A
WEEKLY MAGAZINE
PRICE 5 CENTS.

LIBRARY
RECEIVED
AUG 28 1903

Library of Congress
Washington D C



Concluding Arrangements
at 518 Olive Street.

And Now on the Way—



The Valley Magazine

For August

IS NOW ON SALE. Among Its Many Contributions are: "JOSEPH WINGATE FOLK: The Man and His Methods; With the Incidental Story of Boodle," by Claude H. Wetmore; with an elegant photogravure portrait of Mr. Folk. "THE IDEAL IN PUBLIC LIFE," by James L. Blair. "JAMES A. McNEILL WHISTLER," by Charles M. Kurtz. "THE LITERARY LEVEL," by Vance Thompson. "THE LADY OR THE TIGRESS," by Paul DeWett. STORIES by Winifred L. Mallon, Frank H. Sweet, Myrtle Mary McEncroe, Una Hudson. A LITERARY SATIRE by Ollie J. White, and POEMS by Louise A. McGaffey, Clinton Scollard, J. A. Edgerton and Wilbur Underwood.



THE VALLEY MAGAZINE is the only great monthly periodical ever published in the West. Its contributors are all well-known in the Literary world. It is illustrated in the best style of modern art. It is in line and step with the most successful Eastern periodicals.

Subscription \$1 Per Year. Single Copies 10 Cents.

Published Monthly by WILLIAM MARION REEDY, at 211 Ozark Building, St. Louis, Mo.

The Mirror

VOL. XIII—No. 29

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1903.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

The Mirror

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10TH AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, Payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

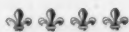
London Anglo-American Exchange,
3 Northumberland Ave.
Munich Zeitungs-Pavillon am Karlsplatz
Florence B. Seiber, 20 via Thurnabuoni
Venice Zanco, Ascensione
Monte Carlo Veuve Smet Klosque
Paris Brentano's, 37 Ave. de l'Opera;
Donald Downie, 1 Rue Scribe
Rome L. Palle, 1 Piazza di Spagna
Naples E. Prass, 50 Piazza dei Martiri;
Valetti Giuseppe, R. R. Station
Genoa Libreria Riunite
Bologna Mallucchi Alberto R. R. Station

The following European Hotels keep a complete file of The Mirror in their reading rooms:

London Cecil
Paris Grand
Munich, Bayerischer Hof
Vienna Bristol
Innsbruck Tirol
Venice Brittannia
Florence Grand
Rome Quirinal
Naples Grand
Genoa De La Ville
Monte Carlo Grand



WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-------|
| THE RETURN OF MR. HAWES: By William Marion Reedy..... | 1-2 |
| REFLECTIONS: Veiled Prophets Politics—Let Us Dis- | |
| arm—Persecution of "Auto"-Owners—The Stick-Up | |
| Outbreak—Barbarian Harper—Lipton's Bad Luck— | |
| Pensioning Workingmen—Mr. Hitchcock's Case—The | |
| Dead British Ex-Premier—Hogg, The Trustophile— | |
| Philippine Wrongs and Dangers—Farmers' Rail- | |
| roads—The Lesson of Failures—The Macedonian Re- | |
| bellion—Chicago's Bad Plight—Queen Alexandra— | |
| Irrigation in India—Death Parties | 2-5 |
| THE MONETARY POSITION: By L. Arthur Stanton..... | 5 |
| LORD SALISBURY: By Francis A. House..... | 5-6 |
| THE SEARCH FOR AUTHORS: By John H. Rastery..... | 6 |
| THE LYNCHING OF A WOMAN: By Geraldine Bonner... | 6-7 |
| JACK—A FAILURE: Story..... | 7-9 |
| A SONG AGAINST LOVE: Poem. By Arthur Symons.... | 9 |
| PROFESSIONAL ESCORTS..... | 10-11 |
| ADOPTED NINETY GIRLS..... | 11 |
| THE ERA OF YOUNG MEN..... | 12 |
| SOCIETY..... | 13 |
| SUMMER SHOWS..... | 14 |
| NEW BOOKS: Brief Reviews | 14 |
| SHIRT-WAIST GIRL PROTESTS..... | 16 |
| THE STOCK MARKET..... | 18-19 |
| WHOM LOVE EXALTS: By Hermann Hagedorn Jr..... | 19 |

THE RETURN OF MR. HAWES

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

CERTAIN politicians of this city are said to have in contemplation a demonstration in honor of Mr. Harry B. Hawes, President of the Jefferson Club, President of the Police Board, and leader of the local Democracy, with a view to proclaiming him at that time St. Louis' choice for Governor of Missouri.

A demonstration in honor of Mr. Hawes would be a fitting tribute to a popular man, a clever politician and a resourceful party leader and organizer. He deserves at the hands of the local Democrats all the honors they can bestow upon him.

But to proclaim him a candidate for Governor, as the man with whom certain politicians purpose to defeat the nomination of Mr. Joseph W. Folk, would be to put Mr. Hawes in a false attitude before the public.

Who are the people chiefly concerned in preventing the nomination of Mr. Folk for Governor? The men of the Democratic party who are under indictment or conviction secured by Mr. Folk through his investigation of municipal and State corruption; the men who have been shown up, though neither indicted nor convicted in the course of the boodle inquiry; the members of the State machine whose political supremacy is threatened by the uprising of Mr. Folk's star; the representatives of liquor and gambling interests who are afraid that, with Mr. Folk as the head of the State, there is a prospect for a tightly shut State, as opposed to a commonwealth wide open for all the army of grafters.

Is there any one in the State who doesn't know that the facts are exactly as here stated?

Now, no friend of Mr. Hawes, and there is no one who more admires him or feels a warmer affection for him than myself, wants to put Mr. Hawes forward as the champion of everything upon which Mr. Folk has made war. Mr. Hawes will not be favored, by any one who really has Mr. Hawes' interests at heart, as a candidate representing, in a word, indecency. Mr. Hawes has never fought Mr. Folk, and if Mr. Folk has investigated Mr. Hawes and his actions, nothing has leaped to light to the young leader's discredit. A politician so closely identified with city and State affairs as Mr. Hawes has been, may well feel grateful that Mr. Folk's investigations have done him no harm, have left his name and character without a stain. Mr. Hawes has not, by any act or word of his, given evidence that he does not sympathize with the purification of politics and government begun by Mr. Folk. Mr. Hawes has done as much for good government, in his way, as Mr. Folk has done. Mr. Hawes was instrumental in nominating and electing Mr. Folk, and in nominating and electing three reform city tickets, upon one of which was our present excellent and estimable Mayor. Why, then, should Mr. Hawes be put forward as this city's choice to beat Mr. Folk? Ordinarily, his candidacy would be legitimate—it would be that, even now—and would not be in the least reprehensible. But present circumstances are such that the putting forward of Mr. Hawes will mean to the general public nothing more than that he is the hope of those who have suffered or may suffer at Mr. Folk's hands for their own sins. To put Mr. Hawes

to the front in such an attitude now, is simply to ruin his career.

The idea of the politicians who dislike Mr. Folk, the boodlers generally, the representatives of the State machine, is that if they can carry St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Hannibal, Springfield, Moberly and like places, with their counties, when they are parts of counties, for any candidate other than Mr. Folk, they will be enabled to mass the votes together in such number that when they shall be thrown to one candidate, that candidate will then have a majority of votes in the convention, and will be declared the nominee. The proposition is, that Mr. Hawes shall be the man upon whom the opposition to Folk shall concentrate.

The scheme is feasible. Mr. Folk can be defeated for nomination in that way.

But what becomes of the man by whom Mr. Folk has been so defeated? He has triumphed in the convention. What of the election?

What will the people of the State say when Mr. Folk has been beaten by this manoeuvre? Simply that the reformer has been "turned down" by the boodlers, the State machine members, the slum elements of the cities. Upon whom will the people vent their anger and scorn over such a triumph? Upon the nominee for Governor, no matter how able, clean and honorable he may be, no matter how he may have come unscathed through withering fires of investigation here and in Jefferson City. The man the machine uses to defeat Folk will almost certainly be defeated. No matter how good a man he may be, he will be supposed, by virtue of his position, to be opposed to all the good things Mr. Folk is supposed to represent. Who that really cares for Mr. Hawes would like to see him put up as the tool of the influences with which Mr. Folk has made himself unpopular?

The Folk boom has gone too far to be stopped now, save by the plan outlined above, and a victory according to that plan would almost inevitably be a defeat for the Democratic party in Missouri. It might, or it might not, be a good thing to defeat the Democratic party in this State, but it certainly is not a good thing that the defeat should be accomplished at such an expense as putting an end to the career of a young man of so much high promise and meritorious performance as Mr. Hawes. That, at least, is the way in which, I think, any true friend of Mr. Hawes should look upon the movement to make him the antagonist of Mr. Folk and Mr. Folk's ideas and ideals.

What will the people who hate Mr. Folk care for the situation after they have defeated him with Mr. Hawes? Nothing. Their main end is the defeat of Folk; not the election of Hawes. Many of them, indeed, would be glad of the opportunity presented to down Mr. Hawes as a political factor, by defeating him. In the very places where the men hope to secure enough delegates to defeat Mr. Folk, the party is in bad shape, because of discontent. Here in St. Louis the "workers" are disgruntled because of lack of "recognition." 'Tis the same in Kansas City and elsewhere. The State machine is unpopular with the politicians, and the boodlers are unpopular with the people. The chances are, that the men who carry elections will be hard to get out, and that the bosses who have been so sorely smitten by Mr. Folk are more than half willing to let the State go Republican.

Mr. Hawes will fail in his usual wisdom if he lis-

The Mirror

tens to the blandishments of the men who are suggesting him for Governor in the face of desperately adverse conditions.

If the elements that I have mentioned as opposed to Mr. Folk want to "settle" him, the best way to do it would be to give him the nomination for Governor and then knife him so decisively in their large and small city strongholds as to defeat him.

By all means, let there be a rousing welcome for "our Harry," but let there be no talk of him as the only man to beat Folk. That puts him falsely before the people. It might mean the wreck of his political career.

REFLECTIONS

Veiled Prophets Politics

THE Veiled Prophet will be with us this year, his olden glories and those of his court, eclipsed by the electric splendors of the pageant which marks his entrance to the city. There has never been seen in St. Louis anything so beautiful as the parade of this year will be with its hundreds of thousands of electric lights illuminating floats, greater in number and more unique in design than ever seen in carnival pageantry anywhere. Nevertheless, the MIRROR sincerely trusts that the mystic brotherhood known as the Veiled Prophets will not make the mistake they are credited with an intention to make, in an endeavor to make a big hit with their great show. The Veiled Prophets are, of course, well-meaning in the matter, but they should weigh well their intention, if they have such intention as reported, to devote one float to a symbolic depiction in lines of living light of the subject of municipal purification. An electric light picture of Mr. Joseph W. Folk with his shapely foot upon the dragon's head, would, doubtless, arouse a cheer along the line, and then, again, it might be assailed with missiles in sections wherein some of Mr. Folk's victims are popular, notwithstanding, or possibly because of, their indubitable guilt. It would be had taste and even bad politics to attempt the treatment of such a theme in such a pageant. There are some things we all would like to forget while we are merry-making in the mellow autumn time, and our Augean stables are one of them. The Veiled Prophets should not get themselves mixed up in politics.

Let Us Disarm

A LOCAL judge recently decided that it was all right for a man to flourish a revolver at a motorman who wouldn't stop to take aboard his car the pistol-flourisher aforesaid. The crowd thought that excellent "law," because it seemed a sort of blow at the Transit Company. But the public doesn't think it good law when the principle is applied by a young man who believes he has a right to flourish his revolver at a conductor who didn't give him a proper transfer, and when in the flourishing the revolver was discharged and the bullet landed in the anatomy of one of the public aboard the car. Fact is, we are getting entirely too much police court law that isn't law or common sense, or anything but downright dangerous demagoguery. Law that is ladled out solely to meet the popular whim of the moment is always fruitful of anarchic results. No one has a right to flourish a revolver anywhere, or under any circumstance in which his life is not endangered. The law has no right to recognize the armed man in any way. There is too much ignoring of the cannon-toting citizen. There are too many policemen and detectives flourishing "guns" in public places and private resorts. What this city needs is a crusade against the concealed weapon. Yes, even now during the highway-robber season. Dis-

arm the possibly embryo highwayman. Disarm the so-called peaceable and respectable citizen too. Disarm everybody. That's one way and the first way to make this city a more pleasant and safe place to live in.

Persecution of "Auto"-Owners

LOCAL authorities are making war upon automobilists who run their machines upon the streets faster than eight miles an hour. Eight miles an hour is no speed at all for an automobile. It is a snail's pace well enough, perhaps, for the heart of the town, but wearisomely monotonous in the outlying districts. The automobile is built for speed, and for nothing but speed. Limit the speed as the city authorities would limit it, and the owners of fine machines might as well send them to the junk heap. Again, it is absurd to arrest automobilists for running at a good pace in the later hours of the night or early hours in the morning. There is no one abroad to be hurt, no, or very few, horses to be frightened. And so far as concerns the frightening of horses, it is the present writers' observation that the men who drive the horses are more frightened than the horses themselves, and communicate their fright to the horses. Automobilists, generally, are not the monsters they are pictured. The popular idea of them is made up of impressions from the work of funny writers and cartoonists, all highly exaggerated. The automobile accidents are exploited at length. It's popular to do so, because automobilists are supposed to be wealthy, and it's proper to "take a crack at" wealthy folks. There's a great deal of balderdash, flub-dub and tommy-rot spoken and written about automobilists, and it is unjust to a lot of very decent and not at all blood-thirsty persons who like to take a spin behind fine machines. As a result of this foolish writing and talking, the authorities, looking for popularity, proceed against automobilists almost to the limit of persecution. And persecution won't do.

The Stick-Up Outbreak

THE epidemic of highway robbery is not confined to St. Louis. Every city in the country suffers from the same evil. There must be something more back of it than a mere outbreak of crime. We have been told in the past by men who know, that such outbreaks are not unconnected with a coming of hard times, that the phenomena of "stick-ups" are nothing more than manifestations of desperation upon the part of men forced to dire distress by general tightening of the finances. However much there may be in this theory of the outbreak of robbery in the first degree, we may assure ourselves that there is not enough in it to warrant the exhibition of any leniency to offenders in this respect. The community cannot tolerate such lawlessness. Public opinion will sanction the most drastic measures against this class of offenders, although public opinion will hardly go so far as to sanction the killing by the police of any man abroad at night who may simply be driving drunkenly through the streets.

Barbarian Harper

PRESIDENT "HOT AIR" HARPER, of Chicago University, has aroused the indignant disgust of Count "Looney" Tolstoi. In late cablegrams it is stated that the eccentric Russian speaks of the hustling American educator in the most contemptuous terms, and frequently classes him among the barbarians. Why Tolstoi is "down" so much on Chicago's eminent Harper, the cablegrams charitably refuse to divulge. Perhaps he has been informed about some of the more glaring features of Harper's up-to-date management of the educational annex of the Standard Oil Trust.

However, the pushing Chicago pedagogue can afford to overlook Tolstoi's rude infraction of the rules of international amenities. His university is doing well, thanks not so much to a recognition of the marvelous excellence of its courses, as to John D. Rockefeller's multiplying qualms of conscience. Prosperity has made John's conscience extremely sensitive. For Harper, every new qualm means another million endowment. There's nothing the matter with Harper. He is the right man in the right place. His notions of college ethics may not be up, or down, to Tolstoi's obsolescent standard, yet they are in harmonious accord with the spirit of the times. There's money in Harper's barbarism, more than there is in Tolstoi's patriarchal, unbusinesslike asceticism. One cannot insult a man in this late age of the world by calling him a barbarian. The way things are going, the barbarian seems to be a good many notches ahead of the other fellow, whoever or whatever he may be. It doesn't make much difference what intendedly offensive sobriquet they apply to you, as long as you make your "pile." And as Harper is making his right along, he can afford to smile at uncouth, morose Tolstoi and proudly advertise himself in his vigorously worded circulars to students as "President Harper, the Barbarian."

Lipton's Bad Luck

EVERYTHING indicates that Sir Thomas Lipton will not lift the cup this year. His *Shamrock III* is clearly the inferior of *Reliance*. The latter has behaved splendidly, so far. What a delicately built and skillfully managed boat she must be! We are sorry for Sir Thomas. At the same time, however, we cannot find the heart to congratulate ourselves upon the victory which seems to be fairly within our grasp. Defeating a man of his magnanimous character does not make for exultation. It is really fine of the amiable and gallant Irishman to take things with such philosophical resignation, and thus bring about the paradox of victors almost mourning over their victory.

Pensioning Workingmen

THE Southern Pacific's pension system for its employees is said to be working like a charm, and to be giving the utmost of satisfaction. It provides that every man who has been in the company's service for at least twenty years, and reached the age of seventy, be retired on an adequate pension. The average salary received during the last ten years of employment is taken as a basis for fixing upon the amount of the pension, the annual payments of which are to be equal to one per cent for each year that the man has been in the company's active service. It is estimated that none of the thirty-five men recently pensioned will receive less than twenty per cent, or one-fifth, of their annual salary, while those whose service has been of longer duration will receive a still higher percentage. A private pension system of this kind cannot be too strongly endorsed by all who are anxiously hoping and striving for more harmonious relations between capital and labor. It is humanitarian as well as practical. It is something to which intelligent workingmen cannot consistently object. It establishes a community of interest which makes for efficiency, honesty and zeal among employees and kindness and a better understanding of the rights of labor among employers. It is to be hoped that, before long, all the great railroad corporations will have followed the example set them by the Southern Pacific and the Pennsylvania. The workingman who has been in the employ of a corporation for many years, and always faithfully and capably acquitted himself, is entitled to a pension when old age, disease or accident have put him in a state of physical or mental disability. This is one of those self-evident propositions that require no elabo-

rate demonstration. The employer who, in the face of present-day economic ethics, discharges a man who has, for years, given the best that was in him, simply and solely because of inability longer to perform the required services, and refuses to make some provision for the helpless man's future sustenance, commits a damnable wrong. Long, faithful service is entitled to its reward, and that can best be given in the shape of sufficient annual pension payments.



Mr. Hitchcock's Case

SECRETARY HITCHCOCK has been put in a bad light by the Brosius revelations of official corruption and land frauds in the Indian Territory. His explanations do not sufficiently explain. They are of an incriminatory rather than an excusatory character. They inevitably remind one of the old French saw, "*qui s'excuse, s'accuse*." Mr. Hitchcock may have meant well in the administration of his Department, but failed to show the requisite amount of backbone in dealing with connivers, grafters and swindlers. The depositing and employing of funds derived from land sales with certain parties only, and in a mode savoring of political favoritism, cannot be considered excused by explanations advanced in the last few days. There is, undoubtedly, good reason for the indignant statements made by prominent citizens of the Territory in relation to the disposition made of this money. Mr. Hitchcock made a grievous mistake when he failed to act with promptitude and zeal immediately upon the presentation of the first proof that there was something wrong about the doings of some Federal officials in the Territory. Since he admits having been in possession of knowledge of cozenage in land transactions and the improper use of position and opportunity by various officials for months preceding the Brosius report, not even his best friends can exonerate him completely from the charge of having failed to perform his duties in the proper manner.



The Dead British Ex-Premier

THE Marquis of Salisbury is dead. He was a statesman whose greatness will be more fully revealed by future historians. Of his country, which he admired and loved so much, he deserves well. He was strongly inclined to scientific and philosophical studies, but this did not prevent him from being eminently practical in his administration of the affairs of the British government. In the last few years of his life, he often emphasized the necessity of recognizing the rightful demands of the working classes. "All Liberalism," he said at one time, "is identified with Socialism." He clearly recognized in Socialism an aggressive political factor which every civilized government will soon be called upon to reckon with. As a cynic, Lord Salisbury had few equals in politics. He spared and pitied no one when the cynic mood was on him. Yet, at heart, he was kindly and generous. Above all, however, he was a patriot of the most uncompromising kind. And for that he will be most honored by his mourning countrymen.



Hogg, the Trustophile

THE portly, rotund James Stephen Hogg, ex-Governor of Texas, is an earnest and insistent advocate of monopolism in all its forms and purposes. This is not at all surprising, considering that James Stephen Hogg has profited largely by the organization and methods of monopolies. The Texas speculator has done well in the days of prosperity and inflation. Physically and financially, he has prospered to an astonishing degree. But a few years ago, he was known merely as a "statesman;" to-day, he is respected and admired as a financier and promoter.

Now that his evolution is about completed, he naturally develops the ancient and obnoxious mania to give advice to others. A few weeks ago, he importuned the Lone Star farmers to organize, to combine, to form a trust, for the purpose of controlling the market for agricultural products. Combination, he declares, is the only salvation for the down-trodden farmer. James Stephen Hogg is filling the Texas farmer with "east wind." He is talking unadulterated nonsense. If his brain were at all in normal proportion to his physical avoirdupois, he would know that a farmers' trust can never prove an economic triumph. The products of the soil cannot permanently be monopolized. All who ever tried that sort of thing have dismally failed. So James Stephen Hogg should quit advising farmers to cut their own throats. Because combining proved to be the right thing in the oil business, it does not necessarily follow that it will prove the same in the agricultural industry. What is sauce for the goose is not always sauce for the gander. Sometimes it is rank poison for the gander.



Philippine Wrongs and Dangers

POLITICAL and economic conditions prevailing in the Philippine Islands are considered bad, very bad, by people who have been, or are, studying them at close range. The American government's *laissez-faire* policy is working incalculable mischief. The natives' distrust and dislike of American sovereignty are growing apace. In the interior, there is a strong disposition to further the insurrectionary ambitions of adventurous schemers who figured prominently in former rebellions against Spanish and American rule. There is unconcealed dissatisfaction even among the not very numerous American merchants. The apathy displayed by Congress towards the demands for a reduction of import duties on Philippine products brought to the United States comes in for justly bitter criticism. The mercantile classes of Manila rightly think that their interests deserve, at least, some attention on the part of the Washington government. They declare that a fair reduction of duties would benefit them as much as free trade did the Porto Ricans, who are now enjoying more prosperity than they probably ever did before since the times of the Spanish *conquistadores*. What the people of the archipelago need, above all, and vastly more than currency reform, is free trade with the United States. This would be given them without hesitation but for the reluctance of Republican protectionist leaders to do anything likely to displease or hurt the trusts. As long as Mark Hanna's advice to "stand pat" is regarded as gospel by the Republican majority in Congress, nothing will be done, and the insistent clamors of Philippine merchants for tariff legislation will be disregarded with serene nonchalance. The "Philippine idea" counts for no more, at the present time, than does the impotently famous "Iowa idea." As the Filipinos have been given a better and enlarged currency, they can afford to wait. If they don't care to do this, and show a disposition to become truculent, the American army will make short work of them. It would not, perhaps, be such a bad idea to allow matters to come to a head. The Filipinos need another and more convincing lesson. This sort of strabismic reasoning appears to be quite popular in army circles, where its unfailing sophistry is well appreciated. It is stated by Mr. Arthur Stanley Riggs, who has been successively editor of the *Manila Daily Bulletin* and *Manila Freedom*, that the impression is daily growing at military headquarters that another long fight is inevitable, and will, when it does come, be one to a finish. "If it comes, it will be impossible to restrain the army by any ideas of sentiment toward

the natives. Any Filipino troops that attack ours will be wiped out of existence in smoke and blood. There will be no nonsense about it next time." Mr. Biggs is also authority for the statement that in the Bulacan and Rizal districts, on the Island of Luzon, the petty disturbances of the early part of 1902 have already grown into a full-fledged rebellion that is being fought according to the rules of war. Elsewhere, he says, "commerce is dull; business houses are daily retrenching; dissatisfaction grows with the attitude of the Home Government, and anxiety as to what the effects of the new gold peso will be is stronger every day." These words are of sinister meaning and disquieting portent. Yet the Washington authorities do not seem to be much worried over things and prospects in our far-off trans-oceanic possessions. They are more—much more—concerned about the fits and antics of Wall street, and the tumults and noise of ward politics. The poor, little Filipino may go hang. Now, this sort of "imperial" policy may be all right and safe from a partisan standpoint, but it is idiotic from a National and inequitable in the extreme from a Philippine standpoint. It is just the sort of policy that should furnish plenty of grist for the mill of "I-told-you-so" anti-imperialists, and, eventually, force the American army to do in the archipelago what, according to Tacitus, Cæsar did in Gaul—"make a solitude and call it peace."



Farmers' Railroads

THE "man with the hoe" is everywhere growing aggressively up-to-date. Thus, somewhere in Maine, farmers are building their own electric railroad with fifteen miles of track to ship their products to the market at the least cost and in the shortest possible time. They have themselves taken all the capital stock of the enterprise. It is safe to say that they will permit neither of wholesale watering *à la* Morgan, nor of sensationally reckless manipulating of share quotations *à la* Gates. The road is to be built by the farmers, for the farmers and for strictly business purposes. It is intended to build sidings into the barns of each farmer-subscriber to stock to assure the highest degree of convenience and expedition in shipping to market. This looks like a very sensible and practical scheme, one that should strongly commend itself to the attention of prosperous and progressive agricultural communities all over the country. Perhaps the great railroad companies would not be disinclined to render effective assistance in the developing and perfecting of it. It should undoubtedly be to their advantage to do so. What benefits the farmer cannot possibly hurt the railroads.



The Lesson of Failures

THE multiplication of bank failures is an ominous symptom. It is the direct consequence of the protracted period of liquidation in Wall street and other financial centers, which entailed a serious shrinkage in securities, the impairment of a good many loans, and some contraction of credit. A few of the late failures were due to a criminal misapplication of funds by dishonest banking officials who had ventured beyond their depth in hazardous speculative experiments which they had no right to undertake. The Beaumont bank failure appears to have been a particularly bad one. It disclosed surprisingly rotten management and a shameful abuse of the confidence of shareholders and depositors. It is stated that over-drafts aggregated more than two hundred thousand dollars. There will be more break-downs of this kind in the course of the next few months. There is no escaping the results of a long period of huge inflation. That large amounts

of money have been loaned on questionable collateral cannot be doubted in the least. If there should supervene a severe pinch in money rates, the consequences would not be pleasant to contemplate. It is a good thing, after all, that prices of securities have been reduced to a more reasonable level. Conservative and well-managed financial institutions have done some strenuous house-cleaning in the last few months. Many weak loans have been called in, and an attitude has been adopted that should make it plain to speculative plungers that the time has come for them to take a back seat. It would be the height of folly to permit a rapacious horde of promoters and gamblers to resume tactics of inflation certain, in the end, to cause the entire financial and commercial community to "throw fits." For the next year or two, the guiding motto should be this: "Shut down on the gamblers in stocks, land and commodities."



The Macedonian Rebellion

THE Macedonians should be given complete political autonomy. They are entitled to it. They are not a very likable racial element, but vastly superior, intellectually and morally, to their cruel Turkish oppressors. They will not and cannot be satisfied with anything less than independence. As long as Turkish pashas and valis are permitted to practice all sorts of extortion and brutalities upon them, the Macedonians will be, and remain, a menacing political factor on the Balkan peninsula. For centuries they have been in a wretched, utterly hopeless economic and political condition. They are taxed to the utmost limit, and sometimes even a little more. The Ottoman methods of taxing subjects are crude, unjust and barbarous to a degree. Taxes are "farmed out," the same as they are in China, and some other Oriental countries. Certain individuals make fixed contributions to the Turkish exchequer, at stated intervals, and in consideration thereof are given the privilege to tax the people at any old time and in any old way they please. Of course, this valuable privilege is amply taken advantage of. The Turkish tax-gatherer is innocent of pity and justice. He knows that no one will interfere with his outrageously rapacious methods. Many a vali is not unwilling to lend the tax-gatherer a helping hand in getting as much as possible out of people, if he is promised a goodly share of the spoils. Property is utterly insecure in the Turkish empire, and especially so in the Christian portions thereof. And it is for this very reason that agriculture and industry are so woefully lagging and languishing. Why should the merchant or peasant strive to gain or increase his wealth, when the Sultan's minions may at any time swoop down upon him and seize everything in sight? Corruption flourishes everywhere in the Sultan's dominions. Office and power are bought openly with absolute shamelessness. The Sultan "needs the money," and is, therefore, ever ready to sell the welfare and loyalty of his subjects to the first political scoundrel who may happen along with the right amount of "stuff." In Macedonia, wretched poverty is in evidence in every village. The poor peasantry lives from hand to mouth. They possess hardly anything, and are expected to give much. They are practically helots. Their life is just as unsafe as is their miserably little property. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at when the Macedonians refuse to be or remain pacified. Peace for them means continued unbearable distress and outrages. They have seen the excellent results of independent government in Bulgaria, where their co-religionists are enjoying more liberty and prosperity than they did at any time since the overthrow of the ancient Bulgarian empire by one of Abdul Hamid's predecessors

centuries ago. The present Macedonian rebellion has assumed formidable dimensions. Large Turkish armies have been concentrated within the rebellious province. If the soldiery, which includes many regiments of savage Moslem Albanians and fanatical bashi-bazouks, should break beyond all bounds of military discipline and commit a series of that heinous, ghastly kind of outrages of which it appears to be making a specialty, direct armed intervention by Russia and Austria will be inevitable. That is evidently what the Macedonians are striving and hoping for. They know quite well that their own means and efforts alone will not suffice to win success and independence. Taken all in all, the Balkan problem is of a gravity sufficient to cause a good deal of worry in European State chancelleries. It is an insistently vital problem, because it is bound up with a whole people's political, religious and economic welfare. The Macedonians are fighting for a cause as good as was that which inspired the Boers to a three years' desperate struggle with all the power and wealth of Great Britain. They deserve success, and succeed they will, if not now, then within the next few years.



Chicago's Bad Plight

THE spread of trades-unionism has led to most peculiar industrial conditions in Chicago. When the employers organized some time ago, it was generally assumed that union labor was surely "up against it." Over-sanguine observers thought the long-sought-for nostrum to cure all economic troubles, arising from conflicts between labor and capital, had at last been discovered. The gladsome, encouraging news of an employers' organization to fight union labor was approvingly commented upon in many leading papers. Once more, it was thought, had light come from Chicago. But, alas, light has since again changed into gloom. According to late dispatches, Chicago's last state is worse than had been the former. For, instead of fighting each other tooth and nail, organized employers and organized workingmen have decided to let bygones be bygones, and to maintain amicable, as well as profitable, relations by going into partnership with the express purpose of "doing" the public. Capital and labor are now known to be "pals," with the advantages slightly on the side of the former. The employers of many industrial crafts have already effected iron-clad agreements with labor and among themselves. There is, for instance, the roofers' combine, comprising about fifty firms, which has an exclusive agreement with the Roofing Workers' Trade Union, and is in almost absolute control of the business. One contractor, who obstinately refused to join this organization, has had no end of trouble in consequence of his independent position. He says he held the Rock Island depot job, and that, one day, the walking delegate of the Roofing Workers' Union told him that the union had made an agreement with the association of companies which raised wages twenty-five per cent. He (the contractor) replied that he would pay the same rate, but was informed at once that this would only be satisfactory if he joined the association. What followed can best be stated in the contractor's own words: "I gave the delegate my initiation fee of fifteen dollars, but did not attend any meetings, did not hand over five per cent of my contract money, and went on bidding as I saw fit. As a result, my men were told to leave me. They left my employ for a week, but returned to work, because there were not enough jobs in the city to go round, and by taking employment with members of the pool they were merely displacing other union men." The *modus operandi* of these employers' organizations is simple enough. Companies in a special trade pool

interests and secretly arrange that there shall be no competitive bidding. Then they make a dicker with union labor leaders to boycott independent firms and keep them from getting necessary labor. Lots are drawn to decide who is to do the work on a contract. The man who wins names his price, adds enough to give those in the pool a big share of the spoils, and then calmly adds five per cent more to cover the contribution to the pool's general fund. As a result of this pooling of interests, the cost of improving and building has been raised enormously. Municipal improvements have been made twenty per cent higher through an "understanding" between the Contractor Sewer Builders' Association and the Sewer Builders' Union. Labor leaders will not allow their men to work for independent contractors. One, Walter Fleming, who had "sixteen contracts with the city to build sewers, was driven out of town. He had to default his contract, because the coalition between the sewer pool and sewer union caused his men to leave him. Thereafter the bids were re-advertised, the contract was given to the pool at a price higher than Fleming's, and everything was lovely." This is certainly an intolerable, exasperating situation. The tyranny of union labor alone is bad enough, but that of employers and union labor combined is infinitely worse, and especially so because there does not, at the present time, seem to be any efficacious means to overcome and stop it. These latest Chicago developments are fully in line with predictions made all along by close students of the industrial situation and its tendencies. So galling have they become that dozens of prominent firms have decided to remove their establishment to other cities.



Queen Alexandra

SOMEBODY who pretends to know, assures us that King Edward is now deeply infatuated with his accomplished, graceful, beautiful spouse. It was about time. It would have been better for him in more ways than one; had he remained infatuated with her ever since the day he led her to the altar, a glorious flower of pure girlhood. Alexandra is a queenly queen, and an ideal wife and mother, whose charms are many and whose virtues are of the noblest and highest. Ever to have caused her grief, and neglected her for women unworthy even to kiss the hem of her regal gown, should trouble the conscience of Edward to his dying moment.



Irrigation, in India

THE Indian government has decided to go into the irrigation business upon a scale as extensive as that recently adopted by the United States. According to plans agreed upon, one hundred and fifty million dollars is to be set aside for irrigation work in the next twenty years, in addition to an annual amount of two million dollars to be loaned for private irrigation enterprises. Considering the fact that India has many splendid rivers, the establishment of a vast irrigation system should not be very difficult, or expensive. It is a wonder that it took the government so long to wake up to the necessity and immense advantages of irrigation in a country famous for its fertile soil and a climate which permits of the raising of all the agricultural products of the temperate and tropical zones. At the present time, India is dependent entirely upon the arrival of the annual monsoon in September and October. Whenever these rain-storms fail to "show up," India has to prepare for another period of suffering, starvation and pestilential diseases. During the last terrible period of famine, millions of people are known to have perished. The fact that some of the provinces are thickly populated intensifies the horrors flowing out of a failure of crops. The Hindoo is nat-

urally indolent. When the anxiously looked-for rains have failed to materialize, instead of bestirring himself, or emigrating, he apathetically sits himself down on the ground and folds his brown arms across his breast. What's the use of complaining or working, when the gods have withheld the monsoon showers and decided to punish the Hindoo people? It would be a monstrous sin to try to frustrate the purposes of the divinities. Religious ideas and prejudices have rendered the Hindoo absolutely helpless. He is convinced that he cannot and must not fight the elements of Nature, because, in his pantheistic notions, Nature represents the divine powers. Since, therefore, the Hindoo refuses to help himself, it is incumbent upon his Christian conquerors to come to his rescue. And how could they possibly do this in a more effectual and practical manner than by the establishment of an irrigation system the results of which would speedily cause the native to abandon his traditional ideas of the uselessness of all human endeavor to win harvests from a soil that has not drunk in the heavenly moisture of the monsoon clouds? Irrigation should go a long way towards solving the economic troubles and miseries of India. When the Hindoo has once "been shown" that the gods help him who helps himself, he will, undoubtedly, develop into a real hustler and come to the conclusion that the Christians are in exclusive possession of the true secret to beat the gods and Nature's elements.



Death Parties

THE latest society fad is to give a "death party." Do you know what this is? It is a party given by one who is already listening to the "hush-a-hush" of the grim reaper's scythe. The originator of this somewhat macabre diversion is a young woman of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who is in the last stages of consumption. Recently, in a mood of mournful yet resignatory exaltation, she invited a dozen of her intimate girl-friends. When they all had arrived, she smilingly informed them that she intended the affair to be a "death-party." At first her guests naturally felt sad and embarrassed. But the brave little sufferer soon set them at ease, and even propagated an air of girlish joyousness about her when she seated herself at the piano and began to play a few merry popular airs. Afterwards, the bizarre party partook of ice cream and cake. But all light-heartedness vanished when the time came for leave-taking. All the guests stepped up to the armchair in which the hostess sat propped up and affectionately kissed her good-bye. The girls realized the finality of this leave-taking, and their eyes were brimming with tears. Even the young, heroic hostess lost control of her feelings and began to weep. It was a singular, yet fitting conclusion to her "death party," full of unrestrained emotion and poignant pathos. What a quaint idea this—to invite and entertain your friends in anticipation of death! However, are not, in a certain sense, all our social functions "death parties?" To-day we make merry, and to-morrow we are no more. What difference does it make whether hours or years intervene between merriment and final departure?



THE MONETARY POSITION

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

WITH the approach of the crop-moving season, New York's financial community is again in a state of anxiety over the interior's demand for currency and the probable results thereof on the loan and security markets. The shipment of funds to assist in the marketing of the leading agricultural staples plays a most important part

in the Nation's financial household. It assumes larger dimensions in some years than it does in others. As a rule, the shipments aggregate about thirty-five million dollars. When the crops are, however, exceptionally heavy, the outward flow from New York to interior points frequently runs up to as much as sixty million dollars.

New York bankers felicitate themselves upon the fact that the extensive liquidation of the last few months has made it somewhat easier for them to cope with agricultural requirements this year. If security prices had remained at the previously high level, a disastrous squeeze in money rates would have been inevitable this fall, caused wholesale liquidation and a break in values the precipitancy of which would have led to awful consequences. As it is, the situation is such as to warrant hopes that this season's crop-moving period will not be attended with anything like panicky financial disturbances. Security quotations are down to a fairly reasonable level, weak holders of stocks having been, in Wall street's somewhat inelegant yet forcible parlance, "pretty well shaken out." Many of the most precarious loans have been called in and the surplus reserves of the local banks been added to for some time, until they are, to-day, making favorable comparison with the average of the last decade, for the corresponding date of the year, in spite of an abnormally distended loan account.

The fall movement of currency to the interior can never be accurately predetermined. It is one of the imponderabilities of finance. Its intensity depends upon the size of the crops. During the greater portion of the year the rural banking institutions do not find sufficient local demand to engage their credit facilities, and, for this reason, deem it the right and only profitable thing to transfer disengaged funds to the metropolitan banks, which pay a small interest on such balances. These funds must, however, be withdrawn, if not entirely, then at least in part, in the fall, when the agricultural producer needs financial assistance, so as to be able to pay his harvest hands and to transport his crops to the market.

When this demand from the interior sets in, the metropolitan banks are compelled to restrict loaning accommodation, if they have not done so already, unless the ratio of their reserves is fairly related to liabilities, when the banks are in position to bear the additional strain upon them without serious inconvenience to themselves or their customers. In case the demand is unusually heavy, or has been preceded by a period of wild speculation in stocks, the beginning of the crop-moving season almost invariably provokes an upheaval in stocks. Speculators, who are in the habit of buying securities with borrowed money, do not care to hang on to them when the rates of interest are soaring. When unduly inflated loans coincide with the harvesting of big crops, the loan market is, sometimes, in great agony and, in its convulsions, spreading havoc and ruin on the stock exchange. Then, it is not unusual to see interest rates rise to seventy-five and even one hundred per cent, with frantic borrowers rushing to and fro, raucously imploring money-lenders for urgently-needed assistance.

But for the fact that New York bank loans are still abnormally large (last week they stood at almost \$920,000,000) there would be very little trouble this fall in tiding over crop-moving requirements. As it is, however, the fate of the financial and speculative community of Gotham depends, exclusively, upon the position of interior banks, which is presumed, at the present time, to be quite a strong one, and holding out hopes that he demand for money will not be of such volume as to necessitate further wide-spread liquidation.

Should these optimistic expectations not be realized,

then the prospects for monetary reform would at once grow somewhat brighter. It is most unlikely, however, that Congress will be in a mood to pass any sort of legislation that aims at an inflation rather than an improvement of the currency. The Aldrich bill, which was up for consideration during the last session of Congress, and which it is intended to re-introduce as soon as Congress meets in extra or in regular session, will encounter determined opposition not only among the Democrats, but likewise among the Republican majority. Congressman Cannon is avowedly and bitterly hostile to this vicious measure, which is known to have the zealous support of Wall street syndicates, who are sorely in need of an inflated currency in order to be able to get rid of their undigested and indigestible holdings of watered stocks and bonds. Monetary legislation, at the coming session of Congress, would popularly be considered as an effort on the part of the National Administration, and Congress, to please and help Wall street, and, for this very reason, injure Republican prospects for next year's Presidential campaign. It also would, if conforming to the provisions of the Aldrich bill, lead to dangerous inflation, distrust, and, ultimately, to a calamitous crash and panic.



LORD SALISBURY

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE.

LORD SALISBURY, whose death, at the age of seventy-three years, occurred a few days ago, was one of the last few of the nineteenth century's historic figures in the field of statesmanship. When he resigned the post of Premier, about a year ago, he retired to Hatfield House, sick and weary, it may be, of honors and office, yet assured and conscious of the gratitude of his countrymen, whom he had served so long and well and faithfully since the time when he was first elected from the Stamford district to the House of Commons, in 1853. His was an interesting, almost brilliant career. While nominally a member of the Conservative party, and thoroughly imbued with the historic importance and prerogatives of the British aristocracy, and deeply proud of the eminent services which the House of Cecil rendered the British government on various occasions in the last three centuries, he was something of an unclassed Liberal, with views that were fully in accord with the ideals of the fearlessly clamant spirit of the present age.

Lord Salisbury was famous for his cynicism, which he aired on many occasions, and, sometimes, to the utter amazement and consternation of his political friends and colleagues. His cynical bent of mind he brought to the fore when, early in life, he wrote his slashing, forceful articles on current topics for the *Saturday Review* and the *London Morning Chronicle*. Later, in his political career, after he had grown conversant with the hollowness, hypocrisies and trickeries of national and international politics, his cynicism often stood him in good stead and saved him from the commission of many portentous errors.

The statesmanship of Lord Salisbury was practical in intent and in execution. It eschewed theoretic experiments; it discountenanced flamboyant flummery. There was that in it which commanded respect and confidence, and utterly belied Bismarck's contemptuous opinion that "Salisbury was a wooden lath painted to look like iron." That the noble cynic could, in case of need, be as adamant as the Iron Chancellor ever was in safeguarding the interests of the British empire, whose history and greatness never ceased to exercise their spell over his mind and heart, was signally demonstrated at the time of the Fashoda imbroglio, when, in spite of the French government's defiantly provoking attitude, he remained singularly obdurate and refused to swerve a

hair's breadth from his government's Soudanese policy. After receiving the vehement French protests, he calmly informed the diplomats of the Quai d'Orsay that the only alternative to Captain Marchand's permanent occupation of Fashoda and the Bhar-el-Ghazal region would be war with England. The French, reluctantly recognizing that they had "bucked up" against the wrong man and the wrong proposition, promptly ordered their gallant captain-explorer's retreat from his perilous station on the Nile.

To the talented wife of his youth, whom he had eloped with and married in direct contravention of his rich relatives' behests, he was touchingly and unfailingly devoted. He loved her with all the wealth of affectionate tenderness that he stored up and hoarded in his big heart while fighting his political battles with the shafts of satire and all the heavy and light artillery of resourceful statesmanship. When she died, a few years ago, he was almost heart-broken. With her all light and life seemed to have gone out of his existence. She had been his one ardent love, his one approved counselor, his one true friend.

Now that he is dead, political liegeman and foe-man can unite in paying tribute to his notable achievements while guiding the British ship of State on many a perilous sea. That he made many bitter enemies in his political career is well known. At times, he seemed to take a sort of perverted delight in giving offence. When he was thoroughly aroused, his cynicism burst all bonds of prudence and courtesy.

Yet such comparatively trifling political peccadilloes can readily be forgiven and forgotten at the present moment, when the entire English people stand at his bier, mourning for the dead "grand old man," and only mindful of his loyalty, love and services to his magnificent, "magic empire."



THE SEARCH FOR AUTHORS

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IN spite of the enormous quantities of fiction grinding out daily from the presses of the American publishers, there is an insistent and widespread search for new writers. There can be no question about the sincerity of the publishers in this quest for rising talent, nor is it to their discredit that the motives which prompt it are wholly business-like, and, therefore, selfish. There was never a time when the literary beginner, the amateur and the imitative neophyte of the craft of letters had so good a chance for distinction and so certain a prospect for fair emolument.

In the army of writers now "tossing off" novels, sketches and short stories, it is quite certain that the large majority must be classed as novices or fakers. Many of both classes have achieved reputation, if not fame; many have made fortunes, and more have been able to earn considerable revenues from books which the critics all agreed were unfit to be classed with the standard works of American literature, for which we all hope so longingly, and of which we have seen so few enduring examples.

Certainly it is to the credit of the publisher that he is willing to encourage effort by the expenditure of money and time upon the products of unknown writers; certainly it speaks well for the future of American letters that so many men and women are willing and eager to "try their hands" at a profession that once held forth no better reward than fame, no worse penalty than poverty and disappointment. But in looking for the reason for the well-proved scarcity of really meritorious books, the publisher, the cultivated

reader and the critic do not seem to agree either in these points of view, or in their conclusions. Of course, the publisher will not admit, publicly, that any of his offerings are banal, inartistic or unconvincing. The discriminating minority of the public has probably concluded that the age of genius is passed, that there are no writers of great power living, and that we must hark back to the masters for genuine artistry and perfect craftsmanship. The critics occasionally agree upon the unusual merit of some new book, but usually these "discoveries" are made in other than the realms of fiction, and therefore pass without effect upon the popular taste and demand for "good reading."

Incidentally, the opinions of critics are quite worthless in exploiting new fiction or in directing the demand for books. Furthermore, many of the so-called "literary editors" of newspapers are in the habit of filling their columns with the fulsome, though often ingenious, praises of book and author, prepared by the publisher himself, and sent out in the form of "free copy" to thousands of "critics," who may lack either the time, or the inclination, or even the ability to read the work and honestly appreciate it.

Before castigating the publisher for his retarding influence upon the advance of American literature, it is but fair to consider the difficulties under which he labors. He is, for instance, a business man first and a literary man afterwards. This means that he cannot always publish what he values most from an artistic point, but must stick as closely as possible to that which precedent and experience have shown to be what his public wants. It may be fairly supposed that he does not always know just what that is, but the chances are, he knows, or thinks he knows, his business too well to take any chances with expensive experiments. It is a difficult matter to keep step with the whims and vagaries of the multitude of American readers, and it is not discreditable to the publisher to say that he tries most earnestly to do so.

I know a few most scholarly publishers who are not only on the constant lookout for promising talent, but who are always and very bitterly bewailing the scarcity of works of any special distinction. With admirable and patient diligence, they continue to search and hope. They employ the best editors and readers and go to great lengths to give a fair hearing to all who try to gain their attention. They publish thousands of mediocre or absolutely worthless novels, but they reject ten times more than they buy, and it is certain that what they have spared us is, in the aggregate, worse than what they give us.

But the publisher is as much afraid to depart from his established "grade" of past financial success as a grocer is afraid to run out of staple soaps and cereals. In the last analysis he himself is responsible for this undoubted predicament, for he has made, if not fixed, the standard of popularity by the same methods used so successfully by the millers of breakfast foods and the manufacturers of soap powders. The business end of his house was long ago committed to the "Spotless Town," and "The Smile That Won't Come Off" styles of exploiting books. The public gets its "habits" of feeding, house-cleaning and reading, largely from the ingenuity and ubiquity of the modern advertisement, and the publisher has made the bed upon which he himself lies. It is an easy one, financially speaking, and if his literary conscience pricks him, it is at least a sign of grace and an omen of hope.

I know a few "successful" novelists who sneer at their own writings, even as they pocket fat checks from their publishers.

"I know it's rotten," they will say. "But what is a fellow to do? In my desk at home I have a manu-

script that I'm proud of. Beyond winning the ear of a publisher in the first place, it has done me no good, and never will. Oh, yes! I offered it, and it was read, praised and returned to me, with the suggestion that I rewrite it so as to conform to the general style and plan of their last 'success.' And I needed the money!"

The publisher, then, is willing to resort to the "Something just as good" method, but he's afraid of any ultra hazardous experiment, even in favor of his best artistic tendency. The writer who comes offering a distinct departure from established vogues, is praised and asked to try again, "but, in the manner of so-and-so!"

I think that there are great, perhaps surpassing novelists alive now, and in our midst. But I cannot fancy a great writer doing great work under the distinct and irrevocable instruction to "imitate" another. The imitator is essentially not original, and without originality greatness is impossible. To be original is, with the publisher, a risk. With the genius it is essential. And so they drift apart, and American fiction remains a well-advertised staple that earns, or, at least, gets, large profits both for factor and jobber.

Nor is this commercial quality confined wholly to the cautious book publisher. Even in the newspaper world, that cradle of the best we have "raised," precedent, imitation, advertising, fakery, are the limitations of the real man of quality. The understudy gets the creator's "job" at a smaller salary. Pete Dunn, George Ade, Townsend, Gene Field, McCutcheon, Davenport, Oppen, everybody that started and followed to a successful culmination any line of newspaper work, has not only been robbed of his rights and prestige by imitators, but the counterfeiters have been aided and abetted by editors and publishers, and the dear public, which pays, either doesn't care or has never found out the swindle.



THE LYNCHING OF A WOMAN

BY GERALDINE BONNER.

ONE constantly hears in the talk of old Californians, and reads in the books written during the pioneer period, of the almost fantastic respect in which the Californian of the 'fifties held women.

There are stories of how a miner came in some way or other into the possession of a lady's slipper, small and dainty, and how, after the heat and burden of the day's work was done, he would allow his comrades to look at this sacred article, even pass it charily from hand to hand, while he stood by jealously watching it. In a northern mining district, one of the authors of the 'fifties tells us that a band of miners once came upon a woman's sunbonnet lying in the middle of the road, where it had evidently fallen from an emigrant wagon. There is nothing sentimentally suggestive about a sunbonnet. One could weave a romance about a well-shaped slipper, but a sunbonnet only speaks of the tanned, unlovely face of the slab-sided frontierswoman. Yet the miners are reported as having snatched it up—kissed it, almost wept over it, and carried it away with them, as knights of old carried their lady's favor when they rushed into the fury of the fray.

Yet it was in this very period, when the woman, as a rare feature of contemporaneous life, still stood on an exalted pedestal, that one, young and handsome, was openly, and by the consent of a crowd of several thousand men, lynched in the mining-camp of Downieville. I am not certain, but I am under the impression that this is the only white woman ever lynched in

the United States. It certainly was the only white woman ever lynched in the cool light of day for a crime for which an impartial judge would have found mediating circumstances, and after a trial, in which those few who had the temerity to attempt to defend her, were kicked and hustled out of the court.

It is difficult to find information on the subject. Whether the historians of that and a later period decided that the matter had best be passed over in silence, or whether it was regarded as of insufficient moment to be carefully chronicled, I am not able to say. I first read of it in one of those curious little books, the jottings of observant travelers, or amateur miners, of which '50 and '51 were so prolific. I have forgotten the names of author and volume, but am under the impression that the writer was an eye-witness of the affair. After that a living eye-witness described it to me. Bancroft has something to say of it; so has Hittell. But to the majority of Californians, who were either not here at all, or who were too young at the time to be interested in anything outside the nursery, the matter is unknown history.

The story is one of the most dramatic and savage in the annals of the settling of the West. Rarely, in modern times—never, perhaps—was such deadly animosity shown toward a woman, young and apparently entirely defenseless. She was a Mexican, by name Juanita, twenty-four years of age, and standing not quite five feet high. She was also pretty, with the dark skin and eyes, and the shining black hair of her race. It is said that her character was not of the best, but at the time the story opens she was living quietly at Downieville with a monte-dealer—whether as wife or mistress nobody seemed to know or care—whose name has not come down to us, and who, apparently, stepped back and let "the law take its course" without a protest.

On the evening of July 4, 1851, there was a great celebration in Downieville. John B. Weller, then stumping the State as a candidate for Congress, had arrived, and made speeches on a platform raised in the center of the town, close to the hotel. Miners had come in from camps and diggings for miles up and down the muddy length of the Yuba. It was said that there were five thousand men in Downieville that night, and, as may be imagined, the hilarity was great. Among others who became exceedingly merry was Joe Cannon, an Australian, who, together with two kindred spirits, ranged through the camp, drunk and jovial.

Cannon was one of the most popular men of the district. He is described as a cheerful, easy-going giant, for he was over six feet in height, and weighed two hundred and forty pounds. In their riotous course through the camp, they arrived at the cabin of Juanita and the monte-dealer. Here, dark and silent, the little shanty presented no sign of life or light. Such friends as the unfortunate Juanita had, tried to win the clemency of her judges by stating that Cannon, with brutal language, had attempted to break down the door of the cabin. His friends, the next day, persisted that all he had done was to strike the door in a spirit of tipsy revelry, and so powerful was the blow of the giant that he burst it from its frail hinges of leather. After this they departed, unconscious of tragedy to arise from the unpremeditated stroke of a drunkard's fist.

The next morning, when Cannon had recovered his senses, he was told of the damage he had done. His friends declared that when he heard it he immediately announced his intention of repairing to the monte-dealer's cabin and paying for the broken door. No one, according to the Downieville miners, had ever known Joe Cannon to do an ungenerous thing. It was

said by the Mexicans that whether he had gone to the cabin for the purpose of payment or not, once there he had renewed the brutal and insulting language of the night before, and that Juanita, crouched in a corner of the room, had listened to it, still and fiery-eyed.

Whatever words passed, Cannon came to the open doorway, whence the broken door hung loose, and standing with a hand on either post, looked into the cabin. Suddenly, from the corner where she sat, Juanita rose, and rushed upon him, drawing from her clothing a long knife. The attack was so unexpected and so swift that before Cannon could move she had driven the knife, hilt deep, into his chest. The force of the blow, for one so small and fragile, was amazing. It was as well-directed and unswerving as that which Charlotte Corday delivered to the man in his bath—"sheer through the clavicle into the lung." Cannon fell where he stood, stricken to the death.

He was carried away and laid on the puncheon floor of a half-built shanty in the middle of the camp. From here, the news of the attack flew like wildfire through the town, and up and down the banks of the Yuba. Such miners as had not attended the Fourth of July celebration dropped their picks and shovels, and turned their faces to Downieville. By the hundreds they stood round the body of the dying man; by the hundreds they filed in and out, taking a last look at him as he drew his labored breaths. He lived an hour. At eleven o'clock he was dead, and two thousand men walked through the camp to the house of Juanita.

She was ready for them; made no attempt to plead for mercy, and showed not the least fear. One of the most remarkable things in the whole remarkable story is the demeanor of this woman. She unquestionably killed Cannon in return for real or imagined insults. Having killed him, she seemed quite satisfied to pay for her revenge with her own life. There was a stoical, almost cynical, calm in the manner she faced the situation and added a last touch to the grisly horror of the whole performance. She asked for a moment's delay in order to arrange her dress and make her will. This she did verbally; then, calm and tranquil, surrounded by the two thousand miners, she walked to the platform that had been used the day before for the Fourth of July exercises.

Here a travesty of a trial took place, Juanita sitting, ever calm and sometimes smiling, in the midst of her judges. The camp was by this time in a frenzy of excitement. There were men who realized that one of the most barbarous acts in the history of the Far West was about to be perpetrated, and attempted to stem the tide. Dr. C. D. Aiken rose up and testified that she was not physically in a fit condition to be hanged. He was howled down and driven from the platform. A Mr. Thayer, of Nevada, then lifted himself above the mob by standing on a barrel, and began to make a speech in her defense. The barrel was kicked from beneath him, his hat and glasses fell off, and he was hustled through the crowd, and kicked and struck at as he fled. The accusers of Juanita were, for the time being, outside themselves. They were savages demanding blood for blood.

In the hotel, overlooking the scene, was John B. Weller, the candidate for Congress. Some one rushed in to him, and pleaded with him to address and try and quell the fury of the mob. But the gentleman, evidently feeling his eloquence not equal to the occasion, refused. He had probably seen the treatment awarded the two champions of Juanita and deemed the moment one where silence was golden. So, left to her fate, Juanita was tried, found guilty, and led to execution.

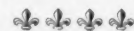
The four hours that elapsed between her conviction and death were spent by her in her own house, saying good-bye to her friends, and making her toilet for her

final appearance upon this earthly stage. Her accusers occupied the time in arranging a scaffold for her in the middle of the bridge across the Yuba. Two posts had been left standing in the center of the bridge, and below these they lashed two planks, which extended out over the rushing stream.

When the hour arrived, Juanita appeared, walking among an escort of her friends. She had dressed herself carefully in white; her black hair was neatly brushed and braided. On her head she wore a man's hat, lent by one of her friends. Her imperturbable calm was as marked as ever. It was impossible to notice a tremor in her step or voice. When she had heard the words of her conviction spoken, she had given a little laugh. Now she was grave, but unmoved. She mounted the temporary scaffold, and, taking off the hat, sent it with a quick whirl of her wrist through the crowd to its owner. Then, turning to the still, staring throng, she bowed to the right and left, making a gesture of farewell. With each bow she pronounced clearly and firmly the words, "*Adios, mes amigos, adios!*"

A few moments after, her dead body hung quivering over the stream. The crowd dispersed to its cabins and tents with what feelings we may wonder.

Argonaut.



JACK—A FAILURE

HE is dead, the Failure—that's what the world called him—but I wish to God there were more men like him! The rich men, the great men, the clever men, the good men, oh, my poor Failure, you were worth them all!

His friends and acquaintances have been chatting about him all this afternoon, raking up past follies, revelling in choice scandal. You see, dead men cannot bring libel actions, so it's quite easy and not at all risky to lie about them. I have had to listen and pour out tea for the crowd. Have you ever wanted badly to strangle a woman, to squeeze a white, slim throat between your own firm fingers, and when you knew she was quite dead to pluck the lie from her throat as a sting from a wasp? Have you ever wanted to hit a man hard on his lips? I did this afternoon when our Society Vicar purred out:

"I hope the sins of our poor friend's careless unrestrained life will be forgiven; but he comes perilously near the judgment."

How dared that sleek, smooth man speak of Jack like that? Thank God he was not his judge!

Of course, the Failure was a fool; the world brands all unsuccessful men as fools, and very likely Jack was a fool. He might have seized luck to him many times; only that meant soiling his hands, and above all things Jack was a gentleman. He was not a professing orthodox Christian, his creed was far too wide; for he held that every man and every woman, however degraded and lost, had a spark of God in them. He never threw stones at sinners; of course, he was a sinner himself in the world's parlance, but oh, my Jack! my Jack!

He gambled, and very likely drank—oh, for Heaven's sake, don't imagine he was a saint—but all his faults were counterbalanced to my mind by his perfect charity, his tolerance even of the good people, his limitless sympathy. He was as tender as a woman to anyone in trouble; never bored listening to complaining talk, never tired of doing a kindness. He would spend his last cent on a friend. Of course, he walked the dark places of earth and touched pitch; did I ever say he didn't? But at least he pulled many a boy out of the mire, if he waded in himself.

"I don't like to see youngsters going wrong," he

used to say with a queer little smile. "Poor young devils! they don't know the ropes or what they are doing. It's hard on them, and it's jolly hard on their mothers. I often take them in hand a bit, and show what a miserable game it is; point the moral with myself, you know; show them what a mess I've made of it. The boys don't really want to go to the bad; they are generally only too glad to get shoved back on to the straight path."

"Why don't you shove yourself?" I asked.

He laughed a little, rather a mirthless laugh, and the shadow of regret crept into his eyes.

"It's too late, for one thing, and nobody cares a hang what becomes of me for another."

Nobody cares? Oh, Jack! Jack! neither my voice nor my eyes told him what I murmured in my heart.

I had been married a little over three years when I first met Jack; married long enough to know what an utter mistake I had made, and how little my husband cared for me. I had a romantic girl on my wedding day ready, if he wished it, to worship my stern husband. I never realized—I, fresh from the school room—that my marriage was simply a commercial transaction; birth and interest in high places on the one hand, money and city on the other. Besides, my husband had had his love dream; he had buried it away with his first wife, perhaps; anyhow it was not to revive for me. He needed a wife. Diamonds are always a true sign of commercial prosperity, and as a man cannot load himself with jewels, he generally purchases a woman to wear them and show them off. I made a good hostess, drove and looked well in his carriage, sat at the head of his table; in fact, fulfilled all his requirements. As to his loving me, well, he loved the son his first wife had given him, he loved his work and his money, and he tolerated me, a necessary evil imposed by Society on a wealthy man. That was what I was to him.

I soon felt my rôle.

I learned to be quite satisfied with a cold kiss on my forehead when we parted to pay separate visits, he to fish in Norway with his son, I to gamble at Monte Carlo with my people; learned to accept a cool handshake night and morning as natural and right; learned—oh, many things!

I don't think I was very struck with Jack when he was first introduced to me; I did not even think him good-looking. He was tall and long, his shoulders broad; he had a curious trick of letting his eyelids drop low over his eyes, and then lifting them suddenly with a long, disconcerting stare. He looked languid and lazy, and had a horrid habit of rambling about a room when he was calling, particularly when he got interested in the conversation. He possessed rather cold, gray eyes, a fairly well featured face, close cropped fairish hair; he dressed well, and looked what he was, a gentleman. He smoked a great deal too much, and generally went the pace. Oh, the pity of it!

He was always deferentially courteous to women, treating them outwardly with old-world chivalry, though he often mocked us in his heart. To children, the very old people, and animals, he was pitiful and gentle; slightly overbearing and cynical with men, mildly amused when they gave him good advice, tolerant alike of saints and sinners, ready to do both a good turn. I suppose he must have been a few years over thirty when I met him. He had no profession, but drifted through life comfortably on the allowance the old duke made him, and later on some distant cousin left him money, enough to live on, at least.

Yes, he was a Failure, an utter Failure!

I do not know when it first became a necessity of

my existence to see Jack. I was, quite indifferent about him for a long time. He was just a well-dressed shadow in a world of well-dressed shadows, nothing more.

After a time we found out that a strange sort of spiritual sympathy had sprung up between us; a mental affinity. Nobody really wanted us in the world; he was useful to dance, flirt, and talk to; and though I was a sort of social success, admired, and all that sort of thing, there were heaps of pretty women ready to take my place in the Society Peepshow and make better puppets than I did.

We drifted into a vague comradeship; we used to talk to each other as we spoke to no one else; we would discuss the books we loved, and the people we hated, the funny side of religion, the grim humor of life, the strange mystery of death and pain. Day after day his tall figure would stroll casually into my drawing-room, or else we would meet at other people's houses, never actually by arrangement, but always knowing that the other would be there. We used to write to each other letters about nothing, still letters that were a pleasure to write, a greater to receive. One day the crash came, and I found out what Jack was to me, how that little name of four letters made my world.

We were spending a Wednesday afternoon at Hurlingham, and some caprice drew me away from the polo ground and crowd. I made Jack take me into the conservatory; it was pleasant there among the sweet, brightened blooms. We both bent over a pot of heliotrope, drawing in the rapture of its perfume. We sighed out the contents of the moment, and our eyes met, a sudden shiver of happy passion, for I read in the gray eyes turned on mine love, strong, passionate love.

I held out my hands to Jack; he took them in his firm grasp, then drew me to him, and whispered my name.

That was all; but it was enough, and more. All the burden of loveless years was forgotten, the aching craving satisfied, the mystery of life explained.

Now, indeed, I understood the love song of the ages, the song without beginning or end; for my heart had learned the tune, and I saw that the world was a very good world. I felt warm love for all humanity, and began to realize what it meant to be alive.

We had tea on the terrace; the waiters brought us what they liked, but we took it as from Paradise. Every now and then I would steal a glance at Jack's face, or he would lean across the little table and fix his eyes on me; I could feel them. We smiled at each other and spoke little. How poor words sometimes are!

When the sunset was beginning to mellow the lawn with golden shadows, we rose to go. As we drove through the poor squalid streets their ugliness seemed to have vanished, bathed in the sunlight of my new content.

"Little woman, is it not wonderful?" Jack whispered. "And to think that we never found out till this afternoon that we are everything in the world to each other!"

"It's beautiful," I answered. "It makes me want to cry from pure happiness. Oh, Jack, my heart's like a singing bird that's just learned to sing. I feel awake and alive at last."

"I never knew that I loved you, Dorothy; the days when we never met used to be blank days, dull days, but I never realized. You see, I do not love you in the careless way I have loved other women; it's different, greater, stronger. You are myself, like my own soul, my better soul. You understand?"

He spoke slowly, as though reading out the past.

"It is just the same with me, Jack. Yet I must have loved you—oh, such a long time!"

"Such a short time, Dolly. The years before we met were the long ones."

I smiled at him, well content.

"Dorothy, your husband!" He turned to me with a startled face. Up to that moment, as God is my judge, I firmly believe we had both forgotten the existence of my legal lord and master.

"My husband, the man I sometimes meet at breakfast and dinner, who enters less into my life than my maid? What do you mean by referring to him like that, Jack?"

"Only this: the fact remains you are his wife, and bear his name. Is it honorable for us to meet now that I have told you I love you?"

"Of course, we must meet. Where is the harm? Do you want to make me wretched? I could not endure life now if I never saw you. I should go mad."

"Dolly, if we meet as we have met, is it safe? Are you strong enough? Am I?"

Love's passion filled his voice, and the echo of it resounded in my heart. I felt ashamed. Was I no better than the women I had deposed, my love no purer? I turned to Jack sharply.

"Of course, it is safe for us to meet. What sort of a woman do you take me for? What possible harm can there be in meeting as we have met? What possibility of evil? But, oh, what possibilities of happiness?"

"Will it be happiness, Dolly?"

"Yes, can you doubt it?"

I looked straight into his eyes, fearlessly; his own fell.

For a couple of months we played the game of love's friendship; our game was a miserable tragedy.

Happy? No, we were wretched. Think of it; face out our position. When we met, we hardly dared to look at each other; we had to keep to stilted surnames and cold handshakes, to choke down the love words that rose to our lips, the fatal wish to sigh out our passion in each other's arms. Was there ever a hell like our hell, I wonder? And the hardship was we had heated it ourselves, and so could not blame our Maker.

The day came at last, the day of judgment. Jack had been lunching with me; I had had a girl cousin as well, but her mother had called for her soon after lunch. A dress had to be fitted on or something. Jack and I were left alone.

I looked up at him nervously, and fingered the gold chain I was wearing, counting the pearls studding it; Jack came and stood in front of me. I took in dimly how tall he looked, and how well his loose frock coat suited him. He looked at me keenly, drew in his breath sharply, and spoke:

"Dorothy, are we to torture ourselves like this daily?"

"What else can we do?" I asked, helplessly.

"We can be all in all to each other, or nothing at all. Don't you understand, dear girl? Saints or sinners; no other course is possible."

He was quite right, and I knew it.

"Dorothy, my dear love, will you leave your husband and let me love you, and take care of you till I die, or am I to say good-bye to you forever?"

He spoke quite calmly, but he was white to the lips.

"I must think. Oh, Jack, Jack, it's awful!"

I put my hands to my forehead, trying to press away the horrible pain that had suddenly gripped it. For a while I could hardly gather my thoughts together.

Jack moved restlessly about the room. Every now and then he would pick up a piece of china and bend down to examine its mark; he dropped a bowl, and the crash seemed to go through my head; his move-

Nugent's New Fall Dress Goods

A thousand pieces to select from—divided into two big lots—one lot at 50c a yard, the other at \$1.00 a yard.

Lot No. 1

44-inch Batiste Voiles, all shades.
38-inch Zibeline, all new colorings.
38-inch Storm Serge, best colors.
36-inch Venetian Cloths.
46-inch sponged and shrunk Cheviots.
52-inch Navy Blue Mohairs.
38-inch Albatross, street and evening shades.

Your choice for **50c** yard.

Lot No. 2

56-inch English Melton Cloth.
52-inch French Zibeline.
54-inch Finnetta Suitings.
48-inch Venetians.
44-inch Silk and Wool Eoliens.
54-inch Silky-Finished Broadcloth.

Your choice for **\$1.00** yard.

B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Company, Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

ments got on my nerves; but it was worse when he went and leaned against the mantelpiece, drumming his fingers restlessly, and shifting from foot to foot.

I tried to collect my thoughts. What was I to do? Put away the wild, beautiful happiness that had come into my life, shut the door on my heart, and crush down love's delight or else drag love within my heart's door and shut out the world?

I did not mind losing the world, good riddance rather; but I did mind losing myself. I should feel as the lost women did—why, no wonder, for I should be one of their sisterhood. Every rapturous kiss would degrade me more utterly, every day spent with my lover make me a baser thing. I should degrade him even as I degraded myself, and my delight would be shame.

I felt the stinging horror of it all, and I almost made up my mind I would keep my honor even if I broke my heart. I looked at Jack and my mind changed. I simply could not give him up; could not nerve myself to say good-bye.

Never more to see him enter the room and look at me with eyes that said so much, never to feel the grip of his fingers clasp mine, only in dreams to hear his voice and his footsteps, to yearn with bitter, intolerable yearning through comfortless months, to sicken at last with total hopelessness of blank despair, and realize that he had gone out of my life forever, and I must be alone until I died. Could I suffer all this? No, no; impossible!

I looked at Jack and thought I knew a man's mind. He should take the conflict out of my hands and decide the hard battle between honor and love. I say I thought I knew a man's mind, and never doubted the victory would be given to love.

"I'll do what you wish—only you must decide, Jack; dear Jack, take me forever or leave me forever.

I just whispered the words out; they were hard words for a woman to say. He heard them, his face got very stern, and his lips twitched; he cleared his throat with a queer little cough, then was silent a full minute.

"So I am to decide, Dolly? Rather hard on me."

"But I'm so dazed, Jack, I cannot see what I ought to do; but I love you, Jack. Oh, decide quickly, for my heart is in my throat choking me."

"Damn, damn!"

It was the first time I had ever heard Jack swear; somehow it gave me strength, there was a volcano of power in his voice.

"Jack, what am I to do? I cannot, I will not give you up!"

"Can you trust me, Dolly mine?"

His face softened as he bent over me, there was such love in his eyes, a world of tenderness in his voice.

"Trust you? Yes, Jack, utterly—till death."

"And forgive me if I hurt you?"

"Forgive you and bless you, kiss you if you stabbed me! There's nothing you could do that I could not forgive."

Jack shivered a long, nervous shiver; his face seemed to age as a face under the print of suffering. He drew his underlip in and bit it.

"Dorothy, I'll write to you to-night and tell you what we must do. Rest quietly till then, dear; I'm going to do what is best for us, so don't worry a bit. Now, Dolly, you must not think and wonder and make plans, for it will be all right."

"Yes, it will be all right, Jack; life with you."

I nestled back among my cushions, so tired, but so thankful that the struggle and decision was over; I was going to the bad, but then I was going with Jack.

"Dorothy, will you tell me, before I go, that you love me? Say it once again, just once again, darling."

His face was on a level with mine, for he had knelt by my side; I put my hand on his shoulder and wondered why he looked so strange and sad.

"I love you, Jack, I love you; you are everything in the world to me—my dearest, my truest, my best."

I thought I heard him choke down a sob, but I looked and his eyes were dry.

"Kiss me once, Dolly, our first kiss."

He took me in his arms, oh, so tenderly, and he kissed me; his kiss was the one a man gives to the dead woman he worships rather than to the living woman he adores. Well, we kissed—and it was over!

"I will write to-night. Good-bye, my Dorothy, good-bye!"

He walked very quickly to the door, but once there, he turned round and gave a long lingering look.

"God bless you, Dorothy!"

I saw his features contract as though with some sudden, sharp pain; then the cruel door shut Jack away from me. I listened for a minute or two breathless, motionless. Suddenly I heard the street door slam, and then I cried, I cried, for I was beginning to understand.

"Forgive me, Dorothy, for daring to love you, forgive me for daring to leave you. You are brave enough to sin for my sake; I am not brave enough to let you. There is no need to tell you that I shall love you till I die; there is no need to tell me that you will do the same. Understand, it is not from fear of God's judgment or the world's that I leave you; I leave you because I love you. I sail to-night. My Dorothy, good-bye."

"Only a few lines, and written by a Failure.

From the New Yorker.



A SONG AGAINST LOVE

BY ARTHUR SYMONS.

THERE is a thing in the world that has been since the world began:

The hatred of man for woman, the hatred of woman for man.

When shall this thing be ended? When love ends, hatred ends,

For love is a chain between foes, and love is a sword between friends.

Shall there never be love without hatred? Not since the world began,

Until man teach honor to woman, and woman teach pity to man.

O that a man might live his life for a little tide Without this rage in his heart, and without this foe at his side!

He could eat and sleep and be merry and forget, he could live well enough,

Were it not for this thing that remembers and hates, and that hurts, and is love.

But peace has not been in the world since love and the world began.

For the man remembers the woman, and the woman remembers the man.

PROFESSIONAL ESCORTS

One of the most extraordinary occupations, by which nearly a hundred New York men can earn an honest living, is that of "professional escort." During the present summer this peculiar avocation is being followed to a surprising extent, and proving profitable to scores of impecunious young men of polished manners and pleasing appearance, not a few of them being actors out of engagements.

The notion is of English importation. In London, where it is not considered good form for ladies to visit theaters and entertainments, or even to go shopping, unaccompanied by a gentleman, the professional escort has long been an established institution. In New York there are now two thoroughly reputable and recognized agencies for the supplying of male attendants upon ladies visiting the city for business or pleasure, and who have not the advantage of friends or acquaintances of the sterner sex. These establishments—one with an office on Sixth avenue, just east of Broadway, and the other run under the auspices of a big department store—are conducted upon the most strict and orthodox business principles. There is no question of their absolute respectability, and the escorts they supply are carefully selected young men of integrity and honor, honest and reliable in every sense of the word.

An applicant for employment by these ladies' escort agencies is required to furnish first class references as to character and to qualify not only from an intellectual point of view, but to prove that he has an intimate knowledge of the city and its institutions. He is also expected to look like a gentleman at all times and to assume the conventional evening dress whenever required. He must report for duty each morning at 10 o'clock and hold his services at the command of the office from that time until midnight, although he may not be actively employed more than a few hours each day, and some days not at all. For this he receives a retaining fee of from \$8 to \$12 a week, with extra remuneration of 30 cents an hour while on active duty. He is also expected to pay all minor expenses, such as car fares, out of his own pockets, not only for himself, but for the lady to whom he acts as escort, and he is absolutely forbidden to take tips. Of course, all such charges as theater tickets, cab hire, meals, etc., are borne by his feminine patron. Ladies are requested to report the smallest infraction of the strict rules laid down by the managers of the agencies, or the smallest breach of etiquette, and this is followed by the instant dismissal of the professional escort.

The fees charged unprotected women for the advantage of a presentable and agreeable escort are extremely elastic, and are apparently adjusted to fit individual cases. It is gathered, however, that a woman must pay about a dollar an hour for the privilege of a male companion while shopping, and that it costs twice as much as the price of two orchestra seats to attend a theater under his care.

"We have about forty men on our lists," said the manager of one of the "escort agencies," "and they vary in age from 25 to 50. They are all gentlemen, in every sense of the word, some of the younger being college graduates. A few are actors of the better class, and two have been in military service. When a lady applies to us for an escort, it is our endeavor to select such a man as we think may be agreeable to her and whose deportment will redound to the credit of the agency.

"Of course, we do not permit our patrons to select for themselves. It must not be presumed that we keep a staff of men on hire, allowing women to pick and choose. There is no more discrimination allowed than in the case of engaging the services of a guide or a messenger boy. When a lady has employed one of our escorts and she finds him agreeable and trustworthy, we are glad to respect her disinclination for a change. Hence, many on our list have their regular patrons. It is rarely we have complaints and such few as have been recorded have been mostly from the men. Women occasionally have misunderstood the objects of the agency. Our escorts are not to be regarded as occupying a menial capacity. They are expected to carry reasonable parcels, for instance, during shopping expeditions, but only to the extent that a courteous gentleman acquaintance would be expected to do.

"The establishment of this escort agency grew out of a scheme a few years ago to provide guides for strangers in the city. It was then found that there was a demand on the part of women visitors to New York, not so much for the ordinary sightseer's guide whose ostentatious manners, like those of a dime museum lecturer, drew unpleasant attention and made refined women feel uneasy, as for well dressed and well mannered men who could act as escorts in places where women felt uncomfortable when alone. Many of our patrons had employed such persons in London and Paris, and there seemed no reason why they should not enjoy the same advantages in New York. Hence the escort agency."

When asked what class of women chiefly composed the patrons of the office, the manager seemed less communicative than on the subject of the male employés.

She admitted, however, that few who had not attained an age which precluded them being classed as girls applied for professional escorts.

"Our clients are chiefly strangers in the city," she said, "many being residents of the rural districts, who are naturally timid when alone in the mystifying whirl of the metropolis. It is not to be supposed that New York matinee girls, or even matrons accustomed to the active and independent life of the city, would need a stranger as an escort, but at all times, and especially during the summer months, there are hundreds of women visiting here, on business missions or bent on pleasure, who, knowing nobody, are glad of such polite and gentlemanly protection as we are able to provide. The supply of escorts is usually unequal to the demand."

Sheffield Plate.

We have just unpacked, and placed on sale and exhibition, probably the most complete line of this beautiful ware that will be found anywhere.

Sheffield Plate has three dominating qualities. indestructibility, uniqueness of design and a price within the reach of all.

BOLLAND JEWELRY CO.

Seventh Street at Locust.

"The Nation's pleasure ground and Sanitarium."

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

The lakes and streams in the Adirondack Mountains are full of fish; the woods are inviting, the air is filled with health, and the nights are cool and restful. If you visit this region once, you will go there again. An answer to almost any question in regard to the Adirondacks will be found in No. 20 of the "Four-Track Series," "The Adirondacks and How to Reach Them;" issued by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL

A copy will be mailed free on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

Best Passenger Service in TEXAS



"No Trouble to Answer Questions," Write for Resort Pamphlet and New Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

Burlington Route

IN ST. LOUIS

2:15 P. M. TO-DAY.

IN DENVER

3:15 P. M. TO-MORROW

TICKETS AND BERTHS AT
S. W. CORNER BROADWAY AND
OLIVE STREET.

THE KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL
BIG FOUR

St. Louis to Cincinnati.
St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.

My Dear Wife:

"I am in the Library Car on the Knickerbocker. Is it not wonderful that I can write a letter while the train is running 50 miles an hour? The track is very smooth."

TICKET OFFICE,

Broadway and Chestnut Street,
C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A., St. Louis.

Round World Tour 22nd Season. Special Limited Party leaves New York, Oct. 14, 1908, visiting Hawaii, Japan, China, Malay Peninsula, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, The Riviera, etc. For full particulars and itinerary, address, Mrs. M. A. Crowley, 362 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HASKINS & SELLS

Certified Public Accountants.

NO. 30 BROAD STREET. NEW YORK
30 COLEMAN STREET. LONDON, E. C.
CABLE ADDRESS "HASKSELLS"
CHICAGO. CLEVELAND. ST. LOUIS.
PITTSBURG.

LINCOLN TRUST BUILDING.

TELEPHONES: { BELL, MAIN 2815.
{ KINLOCH, B. 1935.

A NEW VOLUME IN THE VEST POCKET SERIES

RICHARD JEFFERIES

A LITTLE BOOK OF
NATURE THOUGHTS

SELECTED BY
THOMAS COKE WATKINS

Printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper of special size, made to order for this series only, with type set in old style 8-point Roman (2 1/4 x 5 1/2 page), and Chiswick ornaments and original cover designs, these five volumes are simply without parallel in American publishing.

THE VEST POCKET SERIES.

- I. FITZGERALD'S RUBAIYAT.
- II. SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.
- III. SWINBURNE'S LAUS VENERIS.
- IV. HIS TRIPLEX AND OTHER ESSAYS.
- V. NATURE'S THOUGHTS FROM RICHARD JEFFERIES.

Blue Paper Wrappers . . . \$.25 Net
Limp Cloth40 Net
Flexible Leather, Gilt Top75 Net
Japan Vellum Edition1.00 Net
Each Volume is in Separate Slide Case.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF THE
MOSHER BOOKS FREE ON REQUEST.

THOMAS B. MOSHER
PORTLAND MAINE.

THE PAPYRUS

A Magazine of Individuality.

Michael Monahan, Editor.

Read what the Greatest Living
Poet and the Foremost Woman
Writer of America say of the
new magazine:

Edwin Markham—I like its dash
and daring. I like its bookish fra-
grance coupled with its smell of
the moment. Go on; fight fake;
be loyal to letters.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox—Your little
magazine is a gem. It throbs with
sincerity—keep it that way.

SUBSCRIPTION, One Dollar a Year
IN ADVANCE. Address,
THE PAPYRUS,
MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.

The Popular Books.

The Hackriders, Ople Read, \$1.20;
The Main Chance, Nicholson, \$1.20; Love
Thrives in War, Crowley, \$1.20; A Rose
of Normandy, Wilson, \$1.20; Rejected
of Men, Pyle, \$1.20; The Filigree Ball,
Green, \$1.20; The Taskmasters' Turner,
\$1.20; The Lions of the Lord, Wilson,
\$1.20; Conjuror's House, White, \$1.20.
Also a full line of paper novels, maga-
zines and periodicals. Subscriptions
taken for all publications at
JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive st.

When it was hinted that there might
be some danger of Cupid depleting the
ranks of both patrons and professional
escorts, the manager indignantly de-
clined to give any further information,
and brought the interview to a sudden
close.



ADOPTED NINETY GIRLS.

Fritz Adolphy, the original St. Louis
"boddler," died at Clifton, Ariz., recent-
ly. He was 88 years old. He went to
Clifton many years ago and established
a brewery that was the wonder in the
mining camp. He was prosperous for
several years, but his liberality towards
his friends left him poor in his old age.

Fritz once conducted a large beer gar-
den in St. Louis, where beer was served
by women. In an unusual virtuous
streak, the city fathers passed an ordi-
nance that verged upon the blue laws
and attacked old Fritz's main drawing
card. It was that no women should act
as waitresses to serve beer. A shrewd
lawyer found a hole in this ordinance
by which the daughter of the owner of
a place might serve her father's guests.
Fritz then took the step that may event-
ually make him a patriarch like unto
Abraham. He called all his waitresses,
about ninety, and hied with them to the
orphans' court, where he adopted them
all as his daughters.

For many years these dutiful maidens
served their foster father's patrons with
profit to themselves, Fritz, and certain
delegates. The range of nationality in
the waitresses would indicate that the
old Russian had gathered his family
from as many countries as Solomon
himself. From fair Gretchens to
swarthy daughters of Italy and saucy
American girls, they swarmed about the
confines of Fritz Adolphy's malten utopia.
It is said that this incident opened
"Ed" Butler's eyes to the money in
"graft."

The old man was of a noble Russian
family. He spoke several languages
fluently. He was a soldier by profes-
sion, and came to the United States to
join the Northern army. He won hon-
ors in his military career, and it was
subsequent to this that he went to St.
Louis. He had lived all over America.
His place in Clifton was like an oasis
in a desert of bad cookery. Its furnish-
ings were old-fashioned and dingy and
the service was not the most fashionable
by any means, but the viands prepared
under his careful scrutiny tickled moun-
tain palates. The grumbling and dis-
satisfied guests had little assurance from
him.


"Go to a sheep camp and get your din-
ner," he said boldly to a drunken des-
perate "cow puncher" who ventured crit-
icism. Adolphy had lived in this new
country long enough to be counted one
of the oldest of the old-timers. All the
business houses and even the gambling
"joints" were closed during his funeral
hour.



A startling array of the popular
Kaiser Zinn, suitable for wedding gifts,
at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest
corner Locust and Seventh streets.



When passing behind a street car
look out for the car approaching from
the opposite direction.



Pommery Champagne

At important din-
ners where nothing
but the best
in viands and
wine will do, you
are sure to find
P O M M E R Y

CHARLES GRAEF & CO., { Sole Agents for the United States.
32 Beaver Street, New York.

Lower Rates to Michigan

Tourist points than ever before on and after June
1st. Regular through sleeping car service begins
June 22. Travers City, \$16.60; Charlevoix, \$18.00;
Petoskey, \$18.00; Wequetonsing, \$18.25; Harbor
Springs, \$18.25; Harbor Point, \$18.25. For in-
formation call on or write T. F. BOWES, City
Passenger and Ticket Agent, 308 North Broad-
way, St. Louis, Mo.

Illinois Central Railroad!

Columbia Disc Graphophone

Not necessary to learn to play any instrument. Buy the new
up-to-date Graphophone. Reproduces perfectly band, or-
chestra, violin, piano, cornet and the human voice.

THE DISC GRAPHOPHONE IS MADE IN THREE TYPES,
Selling at **\$15, \$20 and \$30**

7-inch records, 50 cents each;
\$5 per dozen.

10-inch records, \$1 each;
\$10 per dozen.

Columbia High Speed Moulded Records fit all types of talking machines
using cylindrical records and are superior to all others.

Columbia Phonograph Company

(GRAND PRIX ST. LOUIS 1904)

709 Pine Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.



THE ERA OF YOUNG MEN

The Schwab episode in the history of the steel trust did much to spread the idea that this is "the era of young men." Here was a man not yet 40 at the head of the greatest corporation in the world. Even Mr. Schwab's rapid collapse has done little to shatter the impression that the world is for young men and that young men shall run the world. It is now noted in some quarters as significant of "the young man era" that the new head of the Carnegie Steel Company, the greatest of the subsidiary companies in the trust, is only thirty years of age. Whenever a young man rises to high place in industry, commerce or public affairs, there are those who say that this indeed is the era of young men.

Whatever may be the truth in the steel business, it is certain that this is no more the era of young men than many eras, so called, in the past have been. In all periods youth has been a powerful factor in the progress of mankind. Alexander conquered the civilized world before he was thirty; Pitt was prime minister of England at twenty-four; Alexander Hamilton was Washington's finance minister at thirty-two. Some of the celebrated examples of enormous activity at an early age in life, in past times, really make the achievements of our modern youth seem small. Compare the illustrious Schwab with Napoleon, who conquered Italy at twenty-six. If the Napoleonic age, including the leaders of the French Revolution, was not an era of young men, then there never was one in the history of the world. It may be that special periods make special demands upon the activity of the younger generation, as in times of revolutionary change or very rapid expansion of the energies of the race. Undoubtedly there are tasks for which the vigor of youth are peculiarly adapted and, by a natural selective process, those tasks are often performed by men in middle life. Yet it would be fallacious to assume that only in our time has the special quality of youth been recognized. In certain lines of work and under certain conditions it has always been easy to believe that the very errors of strong and ardent youth were more instructive and profitable than the wisdom of older minds.

Nor is it true that the present time is really dominated by young men in any such sense as some superficial observers suppose. In the most noted illustration of the supremacy of young men, the steel trust, what is the actual situation? Are not the real masters of that concern men of advanced years—men like Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Morgan, who can make and unmake managers, superintendents and presidents at will? All through the business organization of America, who are the masters, young men or "old?" Mr. Rockefeller can hardly be called a young man. The presidents of the great New York banks are not young men. The presidents of the great railroad systems are not, as a rule, under 45. Mr. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad is 64. In politics, there is room for very able young men at the top; yet, despite Mr. Roose-

velt, it will be conceded that the most powerful group of men in the United States government are a number of United States senators whose ages run from 60 to 75. The Roman Catholic church, one of the most remarkable organizations on earth, has lately lost a pope at the age of 93, and gains a new one whose years number almost 70. Old men, so called, run the papacy.

It is a false assumption, too, that, in the past, periods of action have always brought young men to the front. The creator of modern Germany, Bismarck, was by no means "young" when he contemplated the result of Sedan; nor was Von Moltke, the great soldier of the modern German empire. Cavour was by no means in his 'teens when he liberated Italy from the Austrian yoke. Robert E. Lee, the pre-eminent soldier of the Confederacy, was nearly 60 in the war; and Farragut fought his battle of Mobile bay at 63. Christopher Columbus, to be sure, discovered America when he was approaching 50, but evidently 40 is now considered the "dead line" between youth and old age by some of our modern interpreters of life.

It is with no purpose to discourage youth that these observations are made. Youth is glorious in its strength, its optimism, its buoyancy. But sometimes it gets a "swelled head." This is very apt to be the case with young men who achieve conspicuous worldly success without the long and dreary drudgery of a lifetime. The young Disraeli exemplified this class when he wrote to his sister: "When I want to read a good book I write one." It is just as well to correct the impression that long experience, the ripe wisdom of advancing years, the severe training and discipline of the maturer manhood no longer count, and count heavily, in this world, whatever a man's work may be. Every country needs its older generation for leadership, guidance and counsel; the country that does not have that advantage may go up like a rocket, but it will come down like a stick.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

Unusually low rates to Colorado, Yellowstone Park, California and great northwest. Descriptive matter and full particulars Union Pacific R. R. Co., 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

A PAINFUL INCIDENT.

A somewhat seedy-looking person called on George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central Railroad, recently, declares Collier's Weekly, and asked for a pass to go to Buffalo.

"Ah, indeed?" said Mr. Daniels, shying a bit at the unexpectedness of it. "May I ask on what grounds?"

"On the grounds of the New York Central Railroad, of course," explained the visitor with refreshing coolness; for it was a hot day. "I can walk over the grounds of anybody else." And Mr. Daniels was so overcome by the explanation that he could not hold his pen in his hand long enough to sign his name to the needed document."

PANAMA DIFFICULTIES.

Owning a Panama hat is like owning one shirt. You have to go to bed while it is being washed.—Acheson Globe.

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Each Succeeding Day . .

renders the coal range less endurable and makes a good Gas Water Heater more desirable.

The Vulcan Gas Water Heater

heats water quickly. Can be used in connection with Any Coal or Gas Range. Consumes very little gas and is only **\$7.50**

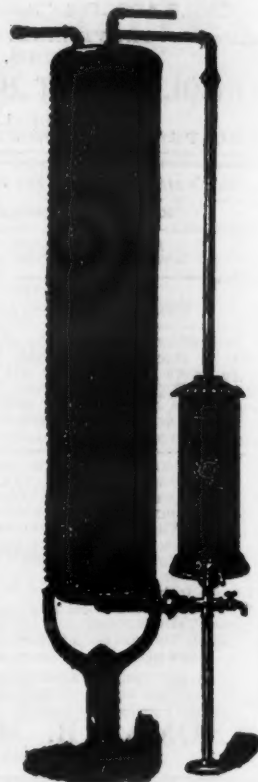
Connections Free.
Fume Pipe, \$1.00 Extra.

Gas Stoves in plenty can be found;
Almost anyone can spare \$2.00 in change;
But we have the nicest places in town
For putting your \$2.00 into a Good Gas Range.

The Backus Co.,

710 North Taylor Av. 1011 Olive St. 2249 South Grand Av.
1433 Sallsbury St. 2229 S. Broadway

Five Headquarters for Good Gas Goods.
Same prices everywhere.
Both Phones at Each Store.



Sprague's Colonial Restaurant,

BROADWAY AND LOCUST STREET.

is now conducted as a Lunch Room, with Popular Prices.

St. Ann's Maternity Hospital,

Tenth and O'Fallon Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

This institution is open over fifty years. Those conducting it have vast experience. There are private rooms and wards. Terms moderate. Private room patients can have their own physicians. Arrangements can be made for the care of infants.

For further information apply to

SISTER SUPERIOR.

TELEPHONE: Kinloch D 1595.



ANY WAY YOU READ IT,

IT SPELLS ALTON,

AND ALTON SPELLS:

A GOOD RAILROAD
LUXURIOUS TRAINS
TRACK OF STEEL.
ON ROCK-BALLAST
NO DUST.

Camel Borax



—BE SURE YOU GET THE—

CAMEL BORAX

if you want to clear your house of Moths, Bugs and Roaches. 85 recipes in every package.

For Sale at all First Class St. Louis Grocers.

SOCIETY

This is the season of the year when we welcome back the summer idlers, for whose absence the town was duller, and for whose reappearance the streets take on a brighter hue.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Huttig returned Sunday night from their fishing expedition in Idaho round about the Reid Northrop hunting lodge, followed by a comfortable excursion through Yellowstone Park. Bright and early Monday morning Mr. Huttig was at his bank, surrounded by hand-shaking friends and business associates. The bank officers looked cheerful in spite of the heat, and the confusion incident to a remodeling of their quarters right under their noses.

The south side of Olive street, between Broadway and Sixth, was enlivened by the presence of Mr. Charles R. Platt, who has just returned from an eastern siesta. Always natty in his attire and delightfully debonaire with his friends, Mr. Platt is quickly missed from his customary haunts and always royally welcomed back.

He brings with him the good tidings that his brother, Richard Platt, one of the most eminent pianists of Europe to-day, will reach St. Louis in less than two weeks. Mr. Platt has pursued his musical studies abroad for two years, and within the month has distinguished himself at the Strauss festival in London, the most notable musical event of the season, as a pianist virtuoso. No American in late years received such brilliant encomium from the severest of English music critics as Mr. Platt. The touch-stone of his art, a most difficult concerto, was given enthusiastic praise, and the highest artistic rank was unanimously accorded to him by the English press. His success in London was only a repetition of his brilliant debut in Berlin and other music centers. It is not unlikely that Mr. Platt may be persuaded to appear at one of the first Choral Symphony concerts, where not only his friends, but the music lovers and local craft of his own city may hear him.

The capture of five blue and two red ribbons brought back from the St. Joseph Horse Show, happy and wreathed in smiles, Mr. Augustus A. Busch and his cousin, George Kingsbury Busch. Next day the former went to Chicago to meet Mrs. Busch, who has been summering at Charlevoix, Mich., with the smaller children. Mr. and Mrs. Busch started from Chicago for the Hot Springs of Virginia, where they will be located at "The Homestead" for three or four weeks.

Mrs. David R. Calhoun is back from a visit to Coburg, Canada, and will be busy for some time superintending the building and decorating of her new country home.

Miss Mary F. Boyce, who has been touring Old Mexico with Mrs. Peter L. Foy, Mr. Julian Foy and Miss Eu-

genia Chouteau, returned a few days ago from that delightful expedition.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Barada Widen have just returned from a lengthy trip in Colorado with a prolonged stay at Manitou Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Chittenden will soon be located permanently in a new home in the West End. Mrs. Chittenden has been away from St. Louis for some time on account of ill health, but returns perfectly restored, from a long sea voyage.

The George Willard Teasdales and the Francis X. Baradas, came back a few days ago from their summer outing at the Wisconsin resorts. Mrs. Teasdale will leave shortly for the Yellowstone, with a party of Northern friends. The trip will be made in a private car. The Baradas will remain at home.

While Cupid is playing a waiting game these halting summer days, there are a few engagements and weddings of note to chronicle.

Captain and Mrs. Charles B. Ziegler announce the engagement of their daughter, Amy, to Mr. Richard M. Johnson, Jr., son of Colonel and Mrs. Richard M. Johnson. The wedding will occur early in the fall.

Miss Violet E. Hubbard, of Clifton Heights, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. J. Wilson Holsinger, of Decatur, Ill., names September 3 as her wedding day, the ceremony to be performed at the home of her parents.

The marriage of Miss Edna May Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wright, and Mr. Isaac Lippincott, of St. Louis, was celebrated Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents, in Windermere place. The Reverend Dr. Winchester read the bridal service. Miss Eleanor Wright attended her sister as maid of honor, and Miss Elizabeth McManus, of Dallas, Texas, was bridesmaid. Mr. Robert Lippincott was his brother's best man, and Mr. Robert Wright, the bride's brother, served as groomsmen. After the ceremony a small reception was held on the beautifully decorated lawn in front of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Lippincott left for the North on a wedding journey, and will reside in New York City later.

Mr. James Herbert Blackman, of St. Louis, was married last week to Miss Cora Belle Selden, of West Haddam, Conn. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents, prominent in Middle and West Haddam society. Mr. and Mrs. Blackman will return to this city after a brief honeymoon.

Christ Church Cathedral was the scene of a quiet and pretty wedding last Thursday afternoon, when Miss May Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Reynolds, of Weymar, Neb., and Mr. Gilbert Barnes, of Kansas City, Mo., were joined in wedlock by the Rev. Allen Smith. Mr. Reynolds, who had business engagements in St. Louis, decided to have the marriage occur during his stay in the city. A wedding repast was served at the Southern Hotel, after which Mr. and Mrs. Barnes departed for Kansas City.

A number of prominent Memphis society folk were in the city last week to attend the wedding of Miss Mary Lewis, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Graham, of Kirkwood, to Mr. L. D. Grant, of Memphis. The ceremony was quietly performed at the Graham home, and followed by a small reception.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, have gone to the Eastern resorts to be absent for several weeks.

Mrs. A. P. Ghio and Miss Elizabeth Ghio, who have just completed their trip through Yellowstone Park, are now on their way to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Simmons and their niece, Miss Hattie Glenn, are finishing off their summer outing at Oconomowoc with a few weeks' stay at Waukesha.

Mrs. John O'Fallon Delany, who has

STRASSBERGER'S CONSERVATORIES OF MUSIC

2200 St. Louis Ave.
St. Louis, Mo.

ESTABLISHED 1886.

South Side, Grand and Cleveland Aves.

The Most Complete and Best Equipped Music School with the Strongest and Most Competent Faculty Ever Combined in One Conservatory in St. Louis and the Great West.

Dr. R. Goldbeck,
Alfred Ernst,
George C. Vich,
Mrs. R. Goldbeck,
Mrs. Alf. Ernst, etc.

41 Teachers—Everyone an Artist—

among whom are:

Reopens September 1st, 1903

CATALOGUE FREE.

Applications for 40 free and partial scholarships received from September 1, 1903, on. Academy of Department and Dancing reopens Sept. 16, 1903, at 2200 St. Louis Avenue. For Children at 4 P. M. Adults at 8 P. M. Send for Extra Circular.

Sig. G. Parist,
Chas. Galloway,
Miss A. Kalkmann,
Horace P. Dibble,
Mme. M. Ludlum, etc.

WE MAKE THEM.

WHAT?

UMBRELLAS,

PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM

FACTORY

TO YOU.

Namendorf

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A SAVING

WORTH TAKING

519

LOCUST

WELTNER CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, 3544 PAGE BOULEVARD, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Established in 1897. Eminent faculty of 24 instructors of all branches of music. **GREATEST PIANO DEPARTMENT IN AMERICA.** Conservatory open to scholars the entire year, day and evening. Class of June, 1903, consisted of 24 graduates and post-graduates. Diplomas awarded graduates. Diplomas and gold medals awarded post-graduates. Applications for 75 free and partial scholarships (awarded to talented and deserving scholars) received from now on. For information and elegantly illustrated catalogue and supplement (32 pages) address

FRANK WELTNER, Director, 3544 Page Boulevard.

BOOKS

All the late Cloth and Paper Bound Books can be found at

ROEDER'S BOOK STORE, 616 LOCUST STREET.

a beautiful cottage at Douglass, Mich., is entertaining many St. Louis folks. A few evenings ago she gave a "corn roast" on Macatawa Beach. Large fires were built near the Lake, and Mrs. Delany's guests sat around chatting, while the corn roasted. Among her St. Louis visitors were the Misses Garesche and Dunn. The yacht races on Macatawa Beach were an important social event for the colonies of summer sojourners at Saugatuck, Douglass and Holland, Mich.

Miss Marie Hare is with Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Holden, and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stewart, at Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs.

Mrs. Oliver Smith, nee Franke Tompkins, of Cincinnati, is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. W. Tompkins, in Clifton Heights.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Kohner, and their daughter, Miss Adele, of 3927 Washington boulevard, have returned home from Eastern resorts.

Mrs. G. W. Doerr and her daughter, Miss Susie Doerr, of 5146 Raymond avenue, are visiting friends in Kansas City and St. Joseph, Mo.

Clerk: "What kind of hammock do you wish?" Summer Girl: "It needn't be double size, but must be double strength." The girl was sensible. Undoubtedly she also bought a pair of Swope shoes only because they are unexcelled in fit, finish and durability. They are for sale at Swope's, 31 North Broadway, U. S. A.

CONCLUSIVE.

Briggs—It's too bad about Winkle and the girl he is engaged to. Neither of them is good enough for the other.

Griggs—What makes you think that? "Well, I've been talking the matter over with both families."—Life.

Diamond and combination rings in great variety at prices as low as possible for high quality. J. Bolland Jewellery Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

After the theater, before the matinee or when down town shopping, the

Ladies' Restaurant

OF THE St. Nicholas Hotel

has been found to commend itself to ladies for the quiet elegance of its appointments, its superior cuisine and service and refined patronage.

BENTON COLLEGE OF LAW, N. E. COR. GRAND AND FRANKLIN AVES.

Thirteen Instructors. Three years' course, leading to the degree of LL. B. Students may have day employment and attend lectures at night. Diploma admits to the Bar of Missouri. Next session opens September 14th, 1903. For catalogue, address

GEORGE L. CORLIS, Dean,

402 Commercial Building, St. Louis, Mo

CUT ALMOST HALF IN TWO AT DRAUGHON'S COLLEGE.

To accommodate students and teachers of literary schools, Draughon's Practical Business College, corner 10th and Olive, St. Louis, is now making a special summer rate, a reduction of almost one-half. To those teachers who enter for three months, not later than July 10, it will sell the Bookkeeping Course, or the Shorthand and Type-writing Course, for \$25, or all courses combined for only \$30. Penmanship, spelling, etc., is free. This is one of a chain of eight colleges indorsed by business men. Incorporated capital stock, \$300,000. Fourteen bankers on its Board of Directors. Its diploma means something. For catalogue call, write or phone. (Both phones.)

THE GHOST OF MURDERED LOVE (And why Charity and Benevolence and Wealth and Learning and Respectability are afraid of her. Daintily bound, 10c. If you don't happen to have 10c let us send it to you anyhow.)

Straight Edge, 1 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry.

CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,

204 N. FOURTH STREET.

Established 1850. Telephone A. 177. THE OLD RELIABLE.

MATTHEWS' DYE AND CLEANING WORKS Dry and Chemical Cleaning. 314 OLIVE STREET.

SUMMER SHOWS

Lottie Blair Parker's greatest success, "Under Southern Skies," is the dramatic offering at the Grand Opera House this week. While full of sensational climaxes, the homely story of love and sacrifice is taught throughout the four acts, in the beautiful and picturesque setting of Major Edward Crofton's plantation home. As the progress of the play is watched, the most critical spectator is forced to admit that here is a production rarely seen at popular prices. A delightful feature of the performance is the acting of the part of Lelia Crofton, by Miss Minnie Victorson, who brings personal charm and sympathy of rare quality to this character. Mr. Burr Caruth gives a strong interpretation of the part of Major Crofton. The company throughout is equally balanced and unusually capable.

For next week, the new "Zig Zag Alley" is announced. This is one of the greatest laughing shows on earth, full of clever musical numbers. Keno, Walsh and Melrose, capital acrobatic artists, head the show, which includes Harker and Davis, marvelous dancers, Yost and Weston, the Carlton Sisters, Cessy Grant, Gail Peiri and a host of pretty girls, picked on Broadway, New York, for their personal pulchritude.

The Grand Opera House is as cool these warm afternoons and evenings as the most delightful summer resort. Fans are wisely distributed, and the ventilating of the house is ably managed by Mr. Jack Sheehy, who is always on the alert for the comfort of his patrons.

The regular season at the Olympic Theater will open Sunday, August 30, with the Whitney Opera Company in their successful comic opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The music is by Julian Edwards, and the text by Stanislaus Stange, authors of that other brilliant musical production, "Dolly Varden." "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," which ran all winter at the New York Theater, in New York, and for the greater part of the summer at McVicker's, in Chicago, will be produced here on the original magnificently elaborate scale. It is made up of a series of brilliant stage pictures set to tunelessly inspiring music. American patriotism is its key-note.

"On the Bridge at Midnight," the play at the Imperial this week, is a title which promises sensations at the first reading. The spectator is not disappointed in his expectations. The drama brings him realizations of familiar scenes and localities. The story is laid in Chicago, the hot-bed of bridges, of every conceivable turn. A scenic wonder is the "jack-knife" bridge, so realistic that one imagines himself standing on the Clark street structure across the dark and murky river. George Klint and Alma Hearn, two capable artists, sustain the leading parts around which cluster plot and counterplot, and all the love element of the story. Manager Russell's bookings are excellent and in keeping with the policy of the house to offer the best of the road shows that can be found.

The Imperial Theater offers for next week, Thos. J. Smith in "The Game Keeper." When "The Game Keeper" was produced two years ago in New York, the entire corps of critics agreed in pronouncing the play one of absorbing interest. Its author, Con T. Murphy, has written about all the successful Irish plays, such as, "The Ivy Leaf," "The Fairies' Well," "Killarney." All types of society are portrayed in this piece—high and low, rich and poor—and the action carries the personages through some of the most picturesque scenes for which Ireland is famous.

The "Bowery Burlesquers" will be at the Standard next Sunday. You don't

have to be an adventurer to make a trip to "On the Yu-Con." You don't have to have a bunch of gold certificates to take a trip through the gold fields of Alaska. All you've got to do is to secure a ticket in advance for the "Bowery Burlesquers" who will be for one week at the Standard Theater, commencing next Sunday matinee. If you are fortunate enough to obtain a ticket, you will be allowed to the union depot—or orchestra floor of the theater. Don't think we are going to tell you all you see and hear, just deposit your few nuggets at the box office and you'll be with us to the end. Among those who will join in the journey "On the Yu-Con" are Bickel and Watson, Edward Lee Wrothe, Bennett and Rich, Warsaw Bros., La Belle Veola, Lizzie Freligh, Nettie Nelson, Jeanette Le Beau and several baskets of peaches, with rosy cheeks and velvet skins. September 6, "American Burlesquers."

"The Telephone Girl" is drawing well at the Delmar Garden this week. It is a production that appeals to all classes of theater-goers. It is good comedy throughout, and has something of a real plot. Miss Linyard, the prima donna, is in a fair way to achieve great popularity in St. Louis. She is an excellent singer, and remarkably clever as a comedienne. The chorus shows again the effects of first-class training. Taken altogether, the Delmar has a "good thing" this week. For the week commencing Sunday, the 30th, the "Girl from Paris" will be the attraction. It is full of rollicking fun and piquant in some of its leading features.

Good music, good singing and good vaudeville continue to please immense audiences at the Suburban Park. Miss Emma Partridge, who is with Innes' grand organization, has an exceptionally fine voice. The excellent Innes programmes are executed with that verve and brilliant artistry of technique and interpretation for which this maestro has justly become famous. The vaudeville bill is interesting. The singing and dancing of the Lavigne sisters and the Three Troubadours are features well worth seeing and hearing. For next week, the "War and Peace Jubilee" is promised.

At Koerner's, the popular South Side amusement resort, "Frou-Frou" has been put on for this week. It is something that lends itself admirably to good acting. Mr. Hanley, Miss Bateman and Harry McClain acquit themselves in a praiseworthy, artistic fashion. "Frou-Frou" is one of those old histrionic attractions which never cease to attract. It has a deep heart-interest.

That beautiful singing specialty of "The Girl with the Auburn Hair" will not be seen in St. Louis before another year. It is one of the finest acts in vaudeville. Folk and Semon's musical turn, and Delmar-Debrimont's operatic specialty, with Hayes and Healy, Raymond Teal and Clivette to entertain lovers of comedy, the Highlands programme is nicely rounded out. Next week James J. Corbett will be the head-liner. Those engaged with him are Davis and McCauley, Callahan and Mack, the Pantzer Trio, Flood Brothers and Lew Palmer. The Highlands will close Monday, September 7, with the Labor Day picnic, which will be a monster affair. The season has been the most successful in the history of the resort.

DIGESTION.

Even in the whale's belly, Jonah's prophetic vision kept him borrowing trouble.

"What if Pepsin tablets were to come into vogue right now!" he exclaimed, horrifiedly.

Naturally the thought of being digested was not a very comfortable one. —Puck.

NEW BOOKS

A romantic story of adventurous journalistic life is "On Special Assignment," by Samuel T. Clover. The scenes are laid in the Wild West. The story describes life among the Indians, cowboys and at military stations, with melodramatic vim and realism. Paul Travers, the hero of the tale, has just the sort of experiences that every bright, romantic American boy is longing for. He comes into contact with the Snake Dancers of the Moqui Indian tribe, and takes part in the hunting down of a band of cattle rustlers. He also figures conspicuously in the capture and killing of Sitting Bull, the great Sioux chief, after the battle of Wounded Knee. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

"A Partnership in Magic," by Charles Battell Loomis, the well-known humorist, is a clever juvenile story. It has a fairy-tale motive. The principal figure is a country lad, who drifts to New York, where he "strikes it rich" in the fruit business. The story is written in clear, simple, juvenile style and neatly printed.

An ideal book for intelligent boys and girls is "Defending the Bank," by Edward S. Van Zile. It is a detective story, full of excitement and humorous incidents. The scene is laid in Troy, N. Y., the former home of the author. Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

MARK TWAIN'S JOKE.

It is said that Mark Twain was standing in a crowded street-car, hanging to a strap, the other day. As the car swung around a corner the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed woman. The humorist arose and bowed. "Madam," said he, "this is the first time the street-car company ever conferred a favor on me."

CONSOLATION.

Once at Quarter Sessions, as recorder of Shrewsbury, Sir Arthur Jeef was sentencing a hypocritical prisoner, who, hopeful of softening the judge's heart, shed copious tears, and in reply to his lordship's inquiry. "Have you ever been in prison before?" sobbed, tearfully, "Never, my lord, never!" "Well, don't cry," was the recorder's reply, "I'm going to send you there now."



Sleep if you want to. But don't ask: "Why didn't you wake me up?" if you snooze until after Saturday and then lose the chance of getting a \$30 or \$35 Suiting for \$25 or a \$9 or \$8 pair of Trousers for \$6.50. We've been "hollering" at you over a week now. Lots of folks have heard, and heeded, too.

MacCARTHY-EVANS
TAILORING CO.

816-820 Olive, Main 2647.
The Post Office is Opposite

ALWAYS INSIST UPON HAVING THE GENUINE

MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER

THE MOST REFRESHING AND DELIGHTFUL PERFUME FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

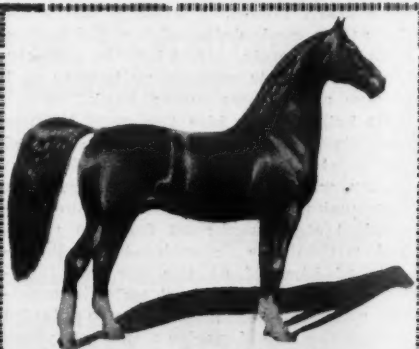
"Where every prospect pleases."

FIVE POINTS OF EXCELLENCE

Leaving the center of the city from which you start; reaching the center of the city of your destination; over smooth and level tracks; giving rest and comfort; riding beside running waters most of the way; through the centers of population to the gateways of commerce; when you travel by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES.

A copy of "America's Summer Resorts," will be sent free, postpaid, on receipt of a postage stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.



FOREST KING.

SLOWEST LAUNDRY

work possible is the only way to do such as we are doing. You have not had such work nor can you get it elsewhere. We prefer to do no fast work at all. We did over three quarters of a MILLION COLLARS and CUFFS our first year which closed April 1st.

Dinks L. Parrish's Laundry,
(Not incorporated)

3126 and 3128 Olive Street.

"Lest we forget," we use CAMP JACKSON SPRING WATER.

NOT IN A TRUST.



VEILED PROPHET

WILL
VISIT
HIS
BELOVED
CITY OF
ST. LOUIS
OCT. 6TH 1903

PRINTED BY
GRIFFIN PRINTERY



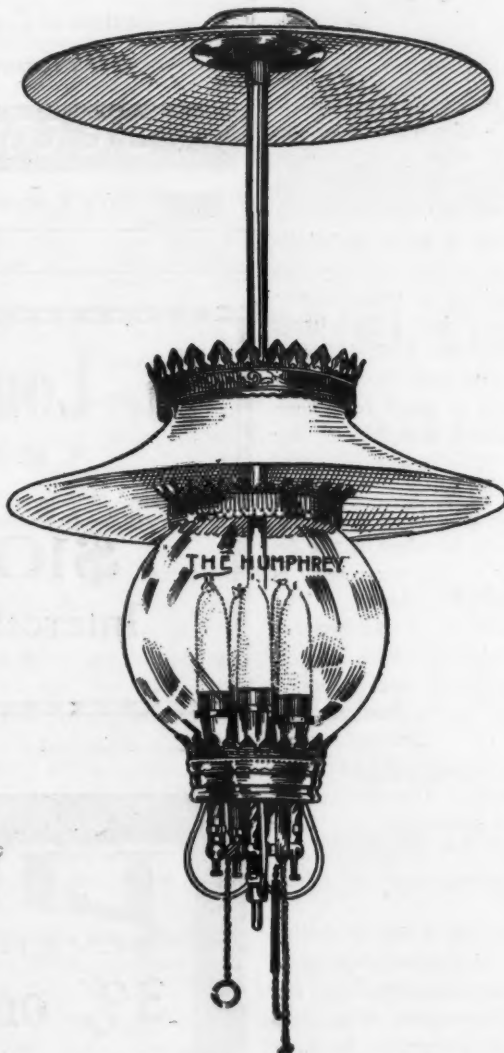
HUMPHREY GAS ARC LAMPS

A REVOLUTION IN STORE AND SPACE LIGHTING

Humphrey Gas Arc Lamps are of high candle power—give the most intense, powerful and inexpensive light devised—the best for lighting stores, windows, factories and large floor area.

A diffused, steady and natural light that will illuminate your store with uniform brilliancy—bright daylight is the only competition of Humphrey Gas Arc Lamps.

To Factories they recommend themselves—more light, more steady work at less cost—no chimneys to break—always in order—artistic in design, and of proven quality and practicability.



Lamps may be paid for by adding \$1.00 per lamp each month to your regular gas bill. All lamps purchased prior to October 1st will be maintained two months free.

We maintain these lamps for 50 cents per month. This service insures you against broken shades, burners and mantles, and obviates any possibility of lamps not being in the best working order at all times.

Further particulars can be had at our office or from our circular, which is yours for the asking.

SEE LAMPS IN OPERATION AT OUR OFFICE. . .

WONDERFUL TRADE INDUCERS

\$8.00 EACH, INSTALLED READY FOR IMMEDIATE USE. . .

THE LACLEDE GAS LIGHT CO.

716 LOCUST STREET

THE STOCK MARKET

Wall street is still suffering from liquidation. This could be noticed quite plainly in the last few days. On every little rally—there is eager selling by parties who have either lost confidence in things or else cannot resist the temptation to take profits on purchases made at the recent low level. The bulls are not disposed to be very aggressive; they content themselves, for the present, with mitigating the force and results of bear attacks, and with pointing out to doubting Thomases that there is nothing particularly discouraging in the situation. Crops are, taken as a whole, more satisfactory than could have been expected a month ago; railroad earnings continue to increase; money on call is easy and abundant, and general trade conditions are still indicative of a high degree of prosperity. These are the stock arguments of optimistic bulls. That they carry some weight with a large number of speculators cannot be doubted. The question is, however, will these actualities suffice to offset the impression prevailing in influential quarters that a period of trade reaction is not far distant?

It is the future, rather than the present, which counts most in speculative calculations. What is, is presumed to have been discounted; what is to come, is taken as the true basis upon which to regulate the course of quotations. To the outsider this may seem illogical, but to the experienced Wall street professional it is the height of business sagacity. The speculator who has his eyes fixed on the present will never hold or make his "pile." If Wall street had any assurance that prosperity were to continue for an indefinite length of time, it would not hesitate to buy stocks with avidity at ruling quotations. But, as it is, it has settled down to the opinion that prospects do not warrant extensive bull operations for the present, and that it will be safest to let things drift along as they may.

The continued weakness of United States Steel issues is regarded with special apprehension. It is construed fully to warrant the hesitating tendency of quotations, and the growing belief that the squeezing out of water in stock prices will be followed by a like process

in commodity prices. The late reductions in Southern iron markets were valuable straws showing which way the wind is blowing. Owing to the present enormous productive capacity, accumulating stocks, and a falling off in orders that is steadily growing more perceptible, iron and steel producers may soon find themselves compelled to enter into more determinedly vigorous competition. Late changes in the management of the United States Steel Corporation are regarded as being of ominous significance. Among those who pretend to be in "the know," the opinion is freely expressed that they must be regarded as the preliminaries of a gigantic trade battle. A sharp cutting of prices in the trade would not do "a thing" to quotations for the preferred and common shares. As the days pass by, the position of the latter appears to be constantly growing more doubtful. A reduction in the dividend rate is now regarded as being something more than a mere probability.

Weak spots continue to come to the surface almost every day. The latest to be laid bare was the United States and Construction Company, the common and preferred shares of which have been undergoing sensational liquidation for some time. According to well-informed traders, the dividend on the preferred will surely be passed in the near future. If such action should be taken by the directors, the price of the preferred is bound to go materially lower. The common stock amounts to \$36,000,000, and is known to be nearly all water. The \$30,000,000 preferred received quarterly dividends, at the rate of six per cent per annum, since October, 1902. The company was organized just about a year ago. There is a suspicion that some of the trust companies in New York will be badly hit in case of any further serious depreciation in these shares.

Some market leaders incline to the belief that, in case of the eventuation of another bull market within the next few months, the coal shares will be given a sensational advance. According to them, Reading common, Erie common and Ontario & Western should be worth at least 70, 50 and 45, respectively, compared with the common shares of other companies reorganized some years ago. Considering the present enormous earning of the anthracite coal roads, one would feel like recommending purchases of these issues, but for the numerous perplexing factors which are now at work in Wall street and affecting the entire stock list.

The sharp rise in sterling exchange has stopped all talk of gold imports for the present. It is generally presumed that heavy selling of American stocks for foreign account constituted the chief reason of this renewal of strength in international exchange. It does not seem as if Europeans were inclined to permit us to tap their gold supplies. In London, Berlin and Paris, strong efforts are making to protect and keep holdings. Berlin is still drawing some gold from the Bank of England, and has raised its bid price another fraction. As the crop-moving seasons are also approaching in

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$1,000,000.00
SURPLUS, - - - - - \$1,000,000.00

H. A. FORMAN, Pres. EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres. DAVID SOMMERS, 2d Vice Pres.
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Asst Cashier.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

S. E. COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd Steamship Line

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

Capital and Surplus

\$10,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

LINCOLN TRUST CO.

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.

3% on Savings Accounts.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND & STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET.

ST. LOUIS

H. Wood, President. Rich'd. B. Bullock, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES, - - ST. LOUIS, MO

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

NOTES AND BONDS STOLEN

Some time between Saturday evening and Monday morning two \$1000 Suburban Railway bonds and notes for \$2200 were stolen from a desk in an office on Broadway.

MORAL—For absolute protection rent a box in our safe deposit vault for \$5 per annum.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.
FOURTH & PINE STS. ST. LOUIS

Europe, it is within the probabilities that the international money market will soon enter into a decidedly interesting phase.

Conservative people continue to advise extreme caution in stock market operations. They consider the situation full of perilous pitfalls. The late bulge was due, principally, to covering of short lines and active, bold and shrewd manipulation on the part of certain dare-devil interests. The market is in a transitional stage. On technical considerations, a moderate upward movement is undoubtedly warranted. At the present, however, it is sentiment connected with calculations regarding the future trend of things which has the upper-hand. If, later on, it should be found that pessimistic opinions in regard to the future were unwarranted, the bulls will be given another adequate opportunity to show their mettle. In the meanwhile, it will be best to mark time while closely studying conditions, and to let the professionals remain in the saddle.

The flow of currency to the interior has already set in. New York bankers still profess to believe that the movement will not be heavy this year. It will be remembered, however, that they always talk in that strain until the last decisive moment. The New York banker is an honest man, but he is also a business man. If he now poses as an optimist, it is because he does not wish to scare his customers out of the loan market.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Things continue dull in the St. Louis market. There is no activity on either the buying or selling side. As a consequence, quotations are changing very little from day to day. The movement of prices in Wall street is still the most potent factor in shaping local opinion. In the last few days, the sympathetic influence has been particularly in evidence. Taken as a whole, stocks are well held at ruling low prices. Some brokers opine that the bottom has been touched, and that the next extensive movement will be upward. The bull crowd sincerely hopes that his prognosis may turn out to have been accurate.

Bank of Commerce has rallied to a small extent in the asking price, which is now 325. No sales have been made for some days. Third National is also firmer. A bid of 310 failed to bring out any offerings. For Mechanics' National 257 is bid, and Fourth National is offered at 342. Lincoln Trust is firm at 246 bid. Missouri Trust advanced about a point. The last sale was made at 127½. Mercantile Trust is offered at 370.

St. Louis Transit, after rising to 19, dropped back again to 18½. Transactions on the decline were small. United Railways preferred is selling at 67½, and the 4 per cent bonds are offered at 80½.

St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are in fair demand. They are now quoted at 93¼ bid, 93½ asked. For the bonds of small denomination 100½ is bid. Laclede Gas 5s are offered at 104½.

Business is active at the local banks. Interest rates are a trifle firmer. Drafts on New York are quoted at par bid. Sterling is higher. The last quotation was 4.86¼.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Dillingham, Ft. Scott, Kan.—There is about \$33,000,000 People's Gas stock outstanding. Authorized \$35,000,000. The stock receives quarterly dividends

of 1½ per cent. No, would not advise investing in it.

F. R. E.—The Brewing bonds are speculative. Would prefer buying something else. Securities of this kind are shunned by cautious investors.

W. A., Joplin, Mo.—You should have let Tennessee Coal & Iron alone. You had no business touching it. Take your loss on first sharp rally. Stock will not touch your point again during the next two years.

Green—Consider Wabash 1st 5s good investment. Southern preferred will probably go lower after a while. A continuance of dividend payments on this stock is not such a sure thing as you imagine it to be.

H. H., Johnsonville, Tenn.—Would sell Atchison preferred. The steam is out of it. The common should advance to your point again. No, cannot advise purchases of Brooklyn R. T. (A. P.—You might hold Southern Pacific. Consider prospects of Wabash common most doubtful at the present time. Republic Steel preferred should go lower.

C. D.—Low on St. Paul common, in 1893, was 46%. Low on Northwestern common, in 1893, was 84%. Low in 1896 was 50% and 85%, respectively. Thus, lowest level was reached for these two in 1893.

WHOM LOVE EXALTS

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN, JR.

Some time ago there dwelt in the heart of a great metropolis an artist. His canvases were known throughout the world, and before them the people stood and marveled.


But as they gazed, unconsciously a sense of disappointment came over them and they turned away, for the exquisite work, the marvelous detail, appealed only to the eye, but left the heart cold. Only the artists and critics lingered over them, analyzing his skill, his delicate strokes, his wonderful coloring and the fame he was winning.

And the great artist, understanding, despaired, for he felt that the critics prated coldly, but that the people knew. So he studied and worked and watched and painted yet again. Once more the papers praised, the critics approved—but the people turned away—for it was all the work of the hand; not a stroke was vitalized by the soul.

Now it so happened that a great misfortune came to the artist; his wealth took flight, and he became very poor. He still painted, but none bought. "We are tired of your placid fields, your doll-like faces," they said. "They chill us." But still the man worked on; and as he toiled at his easel from early dawn till gray twilight, he grew embittered; then fame deserted him; then his friends; and then his youth.

Into the life of the artist there came one day, as he lay sick unto death, a woman. In his conscious moments he saw her here and there about him, ministering to his wants,—and even in his delirium he was conscious of her presence. He recovered—and the woman was gone.

He painted no more, only stood at the small window of his dingy studio and noted the never-ending procession of faces before him. Day by day he watched for that one face with its deep, tender eyes and its crown of beautiful hair, white as his own. At last it came; and then, after a time—it stayed with him.



WABASH

EASE OF TRAVEL
ON THE
COOL NORTHERN ROUTE.

The ease with which the trains on the WABASH LINE run has often been the subject of remark by travelers. It is not unusual to see patrons enjoying their morning shave, as comfortably as at home, while traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

By this line SUMMER TOURS may be taken with comfort to all the popular resorts of the North, West and East, for the greater part of the journey in through cars, elegant Dining Cars being placed in trains at convenient hours.

For information as to rates, routes, etc., address
C. S. CRANE, Gen'l Pass'r and Tkt. Agent,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

\$9.00 Cincinnati

AND RETURN.

Sept. 6th and 7th

—VIA—

BIG FOUR

Get tickets and information

BROADWAY AND CHESTNUT.

C. L. HILLEARY,
A. G. P. A.

Again the artist resumed his work. He was painting a portrait of a woman, the tender little woman who sat before him, her hands folded simply in her lap; and for the first time in his life it was his soul that painted—not merely his hand—and so—the picture was finished.

In a dark corner of the gallery the man and his wife watched. The people came, saw the artist's signature, and passed on. But involuntarily they hesitated, retraced their steps, and then stood motionless before the portrait. Some turned away, but it was only to hide their tears. And in the eyes of the man and woman, silently gazing, the tears were reflected. But the artist's face was radiant, and he stood erect, albeit he was very old, and so, with clasped hands, they walked slowly away.—The Reader.

We pride ourselves upon the originality of our Sterling Silverware designs and invite inspection and comparison. J. Bolland Jewelry Co., southwest corner Locust and Seventh streets.

"Didn't you think Miss Hyflite's gown stunning."
"Well, not quite that bad, although it certainly was shocking."



BIG FOUR

St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.
St. Louis to Cincinnati.

Father Knickerbocker:

"Porter, order my breakfast in the Dining Car. I have had a splendid night's rest and have a good appetite. The Big Four is the smoothest road I ever saw."

TICKET OFFICE,
Broadway and Chestnut Street,
C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A. St. Louis.

JOIN THE

World's Fair Poster Club

and keep in touch with the greatest Exposition ever held.

Send 25 cents in coin for membership in the World's Fair Poster Club and 10 beautiful World's Fair Posters, posed from life by Jas. J. Hannerty, an official World's Fair idea man. Pictures are 7½ x 9½ and equal to finished photographs.

With each set of pictures we send you a richly colored emblem badge and a membership button bearing the official World's Fair colors and your membership number.

Preserve your membership button, as some of the numbers will become valuable in the near future.

WORLD'S FAIR POSTER CLUB,
Century Building, St. Louis

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.



Furnishing a house is a pleasure,
not a task, when you visit

THE CRAWFORD STORE

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT THIRD FLOOR.

Such a display! All the new ideas in style and finish are to be found in such bewildering profusion that a visit to this department is absolutely necessary before its extent can be comprehended. Here are a few advance prices:

WEATHERED OAK FURNITURE—For halls, dens, libraries and dining rooms, in Buffets, Clocks, Bookcases, Cellarettes, China Cabinets, Tables, Chairs and Rockers—as a sample, this sixteenth century reproduction of a three-piece suit in weathered oak for\$24.00
DINING TABLES—Extra heavy solid oak Dining Tables, quartered oak tops and 6-inch legs; a \$15 table for\$12.50
COUCHES—Covered in pantasote; guaranteed to wear and look as well as leather; best steel construction frames—a \$20.00 Couch for.....\$15.00
SANITARY STEEL FOLDING BED COUCHES—Golden bronze finish, with galvanized wire springs—a \$6.50 Couch for\$4.98
DRESSERS—In genuine mahogany or fine quartered golden oak; are beautifully polished and



have large beveled French plate mirrors, in landscape or oval style—a \$35.00 Dresser for...\$25.00
TOILET TABLES—Dainty dressing tables for ladies, in genuine mahogany, quartered golden oak or birds'-eye maple, with oval French bevel plate mirrors—an \$18.00 Table for\$15.00
OFFICE CHAIRS—Quartered golden oak revolving and tilting Chair; a \$10.00 Chair for...\$7.50
CHIFFONIERS—Well and solidly made in thoroughly seasoned oak, with five large drawers—a \$6.50 Chiffonier for\$5.00
CHINA CABINETS—Golden finished oak China Cabinets, with bent glass ends; an \$18.00 Cabinet for\$15.00
 Old Dutch weathered oak hall clocks.....\$25.00
 Golden Oak Sideboards, French plate mirrors...\$12.50
 3-piece parlor suites\$18.50

Carpets and Rugs Third Floor

Our fall floor coverings are now all in and with them the threatened advance, but after opening up and placing them for sale we concluded that in order to properly impress all the points of this really beautiful display on all our customers, and those that are to be; we would offer during this advance showing ALL THE NEW GOODS AT THE OLD PRICES.



ENGLISH LINOLEUMS—In the new carpet patterns, wear like leather, now worth 85c a square yard—Opening price65c
9x12 FEET TAPESTRY BRUSSELS RUGS—A dozen patterns to choose from, a splendid rug, now worth \$15.00—for\$12.50

WILTON VELVET CARPETS—In all the new season's color effects, with borders to match, are now worth \$1.25 a yard—Opening price98c
BEST 10-WIRE BRUSSELS CARPETS—will wear 15 years, in exclusive high-grade designs, suitable for all rooms, hall, stairs, etc., now worth \$1.00 a yard—Opening price:.....85c
BEST TAPESTRY BRUSSELS—all new goods and new patterns, with borders to match if wanted, now worth 85c a yard—Opening price.....69c
THE VERY BEST 3-PLY INGRAIN CARPETS—the "never wear outs," rich in color and design, every thread all wool, now worth \$1.10 a yard—Opening price90c
LINOLEUM RUGS—just the thing for dining rooms, children's rooms and sitting rooms, floor sizes, made with floral centers and matched borders, now worth \$15.00—Opening price\$12.25
INLAID LINOLEUMS—Extra heavy, in fine color combination, tile patterns, now worth \$1.25 a square yard—Opening price\$1.07½
9x12 FEET WOVEN BRUSSELS RUGS—No mitre seams, in very rich, medallion and floral designs, now worth \$18.00—Opening price....\$15.00
SMALL RUGS—An endless variety of all sizes, all makes and all prices in Brussels, Velvet, Smyrna and Axminster.

Water Colors of Burns, Burns' Cottage, Landscapes and Marines,

By a St. Louis Artist, Miss McLean.

FROM
\$1.00 up.

In Our Art Department,
Fourth Floor.

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.



*Colorado,
Utah*
AND THE
Pacific Coast.
BEST REACHED VIA THE
**MISSOURI
PACIFIC RY.**

OBSERVATION PARLOR CAFE
DINING CARS, MEALS A LA CARTE,
AND PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND FANS.

DOUBLE · DAILY · SERVICE.
NO CHANGE OF CARS TO CALIFORNIA.

C. C. WARNER, VICE-PREST. RUSSELL HARDING, VICE-PREST. & GENL. MGR.

A. C. BIRD, VICE-PREST.

H. C. TOWNSEND, GENL. PASSR. & TKT. AGT., ST. LOUIS, MO.

CITY TICKET OFFICE
S-E. COR. 6TH & OLIVE STREETS.

A Cool, Restful Trip

From St. Louis to the West and Southwest,
the Ideal Summer Route is the



This popular highway lies along the crest of the Ozarks. If it's cool anywhere, you will find it cool there. And then the scenery constitutes another pleasant feature, and can be comfortably enjoyed from an Observation Car.

TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.



THE
KATY
FLYER

THE KATY FLYER

**TEXAS,
OKLAHOMA,
INDIAN TERRITORY
AND BACK**

\$15.00 September 15th,
Final Limit October 6th.

See the Man at 520 Olive Street.



THE KATY FLYER



THE
KATY
FLYER

